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Mrs. James Reston's eyewitness story

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COVER: Sophia Loren—starring next in the comedy *Maddalena*—here, in Miss Dior's bright organza-print for evening, with a froth of silk flowers at the neck. Her short chestnut bob, one of a wardrobe of wigs as much a part of her basic travel-gear as her passport, note pads, and initialled Fendi luggage. More about all these—and Sophia as world traveler, beginning on page 50. (The dress, of Bianchini fabric, is to order at Saks Fifth Avenue.)

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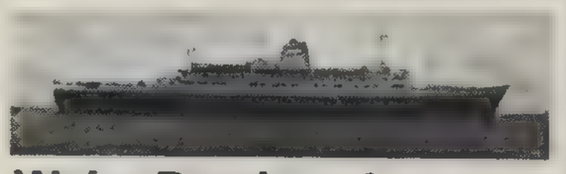
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VOGUE READY BEAUTY

The beauty makers—what have they done for you lately?

For one thing there's scoopy news in scenting. The word is Ritz, Charles of the Ritz's ***new potency of a perfume,*** and it decants into three concentrations: liquid or spray Perfume, Double Perfume in case you want twice as much whammy, and Triple Perfume for the girls who *know* you can't get too much of a good thing. Triple R comes, by the way, in a quarter-ounce Pencelle—a slender, sponge-stroke wand to carry in your handbag. The scent, a cook-up of flowers, ferns, and delicious, miscellaneous fantasia, is so balanced that the top note remains true; there is no need to wait for it to settle in, to dry down. The silvery cylinders (at left), striped in brilliant Burgundy, are airtight, non-breakable, and protective against sunlight. Best of all, Ritz is so economically priced that one can enjoy it nonstop, full-length.



BERRY BERENSON

There's more good news for every body now that Marian Bialac's dew-gooder, Yatrolin, has been extended into a bath line that includes just about everything from moisturizing massage lotion to a therapeutic mineral compound that pours into the bath water. Almost irresistible is the great pillow of soap, hard-milled and soft-lathered, redolent of fresh herbs. And for travelers, an envelope packed with foil squares, each an ample slosh of Yatrolin for face and throat.

Newest bulletin from the Helping Hand Department has to do with Antoine Marengo's latest version of Peel-O-Matique, the speedy routine that sloughs off outer-layer dead cells on face and throat. This one, made especially for hapless hands (no part of the body ages faster) is, again, in three-stage bottles; I, shedding lotion; II, toner; and III, protective balm. The whole process is accomplished in minutes, but the results are stunning, and become even more so with regular use (once a week is basic minimum). Peel-O-Matique for hands is a sturdier formula than for face and contains a stronger sunscreen, which should be a break for those of us to want to have our cake and go on sailing and playing tennis, too.



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in red-and-white checks,
the skirt in white linen
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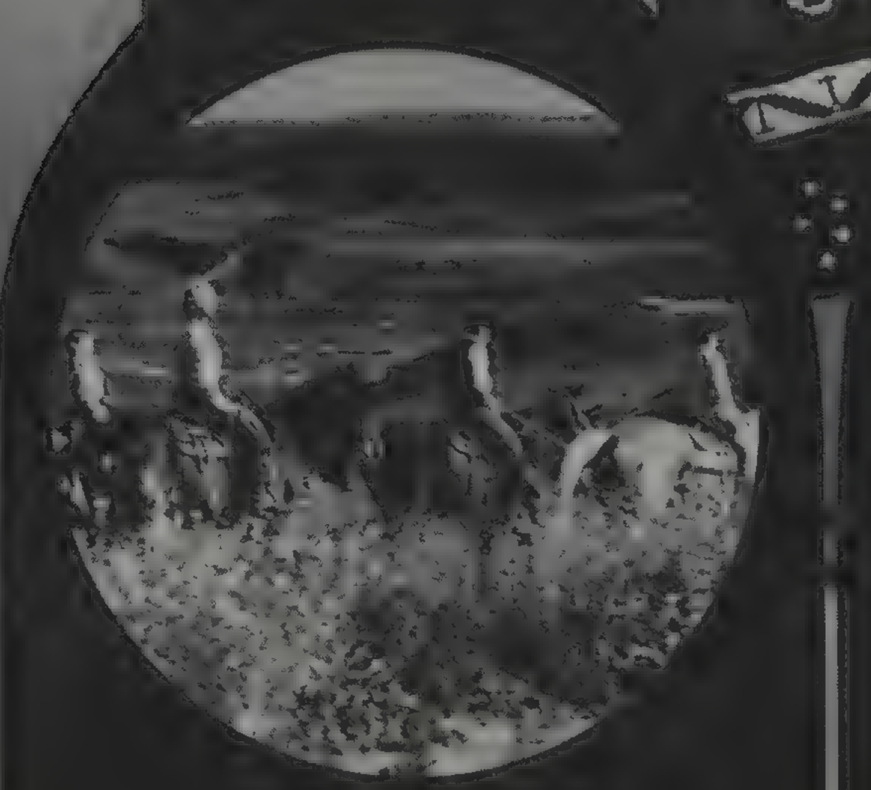
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And the color. They blend several shades of the same color family to assure a natural look. They call it So Natural Colorblends.

There now. Don't hate me. Hate yourself for not owning the wig they named for me, The Elizabeth."

Elizabeth of the House of Brentwood collection, at millinery departments in leading stores everywhere.

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VOGUE BEAUTY CHECKOUT

How to add travel-power—without adding pounds

Suddenly, there's a new Travel Essential—a not-to-be-left-behind thing, like tickets and travelers' checks. To a growing number of savvy travelers, it's as vital as spinach to Popeye: an instant strength-reviver, quick energy jolt, life-saver. And it's light—in every way. . . . It is, in fact, Slender, from Carnation—powdered diet food that comes in ounce-light paper packets, in several tasty flavors, and packs a terrific nutritional punch—while adding a very slim number of calories. (Mixed with 6 oz. of whole milk, it rings up a frugal 225 calories; with skim milk, a skimpy 164.) What makes it a superb traveling companion—aside from the fact that the packets tuck into every nook and cranny in a suitcase or handbag—is that it's great at bridging gaps, equalizing the ups and downs, feasts and famines of eating en route. It can replace a skipped meal—or fortify one that's being deliberately scanted so as to leave room for a gourmet meal later on. . . . Suppose you've planned a morning of heroic sightseeing in Paris (or Rome, or Madrid), to be followed by a Lucullan lunch at a good restaurant. Then, breakfast might be a delicious, frothy French Vanilla Slender stirred in to your *café-au-lait* (or *caffè con latte*, or *café con leche*). *Voilà!* You have plenty of energy for sightseeing, plenty of room—and calorie leeway—for lunch. (The combination of coffee and boiled milk blends superbly with any of the Slender flavors—with the Dutch Chocolate, it's delightfully mocha-ish.) If you're motoring through the countryside, and the schedule calls for dinner at a three-star restaurant later on, lunch might be a delectable Wild Strawberry Slender with some fruit added—strawberries, sliced peaches, thinly-sliced oranges—all are luscious. . . . For travelers in the U. S. (and for stay-at-home dieters), there's Slender in pull-top cans—same nutritional power (protein, vitamins, minerals, only natural sweeteners), and the milk's already in; no need to add anything. No need to refrigerate en route, either. Dangle a few cans in a mountain stream, or over the side of a boat, to cool . . . open, enjoy.

For travelers: a quick beauty check-list

Sometimes the greatest boost to a traveler's morale can be a refreshing, relaxing hour or two at a good beauty salon . . . and most European cities are richly provided with these oases. There may be an excellent one tucked away in your hotel—or the concierge may have good ideas. If not, here's a quick check-list. . . . *In Rome: Alba,* Via Condotti 61/A. Everything tops here, including the clientele—it adds to the fun to watch the Roman beauties come and go. Olga takes care of facials and makeup, and there's a men's department (headed by Mimmo) if your husband's hair needs some skilled attention. Mr. Goodman, an expert on damaged or problem hair, divides his time between Alba and *Eve of Roma,* Via Veneto 116. Right on the main drag, and first rate in all departments; ask for Agusta, who does super makeups using the famous Eve of Roma products. You can replenish your stock of these right here at the fountainhead. *Femme Sistina,* Via Sistina 75/A. Charming, convenient—near top of Spanish Steps. Femme Sistina also runs the mini-salon on the crack "Settebello" train that whizzes between Rome and Milan. . . . *In Paris: Odile Xavier,* 15, rue Duphot. Odile does marvelous makeups, Xavier does ditto haircuts; both were formerly with Carita. Then, there's *Carita* itself, 11, rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré . . . famous, revered. Christophe is the hair-styling genius here. It's the home of all the great Carita products and treatments. And there's also a Carita for Men Salon. *Jean Louis David,* 47, rue Pierre Charron; where the young French nifties go. He's now doing a swingy, nape-length cut with long whooshy bangs. . . . *In London: Leonard,* 6 Upper Grosvenor St. Marvelous for hair, and hair coloring; also provides all beauty services, massage, sauna bath. *Vidal Sassoon* has two establishments (hair only); one in Grosvenor House, Park St.; one at 171 New Bond St. *Michaeljohn,* 23a Albemarle St. Lots of pretty young English birds here. Great for cutting, styling, conditioning. Men welcome, too. . . . Don't forget: *Elizabeth Arden Salons*—dear, familiar, excellent—in all three cities. In Rome, the Arden salon, 19, Piazza di Spagna, has Cristina, the best manicurist in town. . . .

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Beverly Hills	Robinson's
Cerritos	Broadway, Cerritos
Chula Vista	Broadway
Concord	Rhodes
Conoga Park	Broadway, Topanga Pl.
Downey	Broadway, Downey
El Cerrito	H. C. Capwell Co.
Freemont	Capwell's
Glendale	Robinson's
Hollywood	Broadway, Hollywood
Huntington	Broadway, Huntington
La Habra	Buffums'
Lakewood	Buffums'
La Mesa	Broadway, Grossmont
Long Beach	Broadway, Long Beach
	Buffums'
Los Angeles	Broadway, Los Angeles
	Broadway, Crenshaw
	Robinson's
Marysville	Jay's
Mt. Clair	Broadway
Newport Beach	Broadway, Newport
	Buffums'
Northridge	Broadway
Oakland	Broadway
	H. C. Capwell Co.
	Rhodes
Orange	Broadway, Orange Mall
Panorama City	Broadway, Valley
Pasadena	Broadway, Pasadena
	Robinson's
Pomona	Buffums'
Riverside	Broadway, Riverside
Sacramento	Weinstock
	Wieboldt's
San Bernardino	Broadway, San Bernardino
San Diego	Broadway
	Buffums'
	Robinson's
	Walker Scott Co.
San Francisco	The Emporium
San Jose	Liberty House
Santa Ana	Buffums'
Santa Barbara	Robinson's
Torrance	Broadway, Del Amo
Ventura	Broadway, Ventura
Walnut Creek	H. C. Capwell Co.
West Covina	Broadway, West Covina
Westchester	Broadway
Whittier	Broadway, Whittier
Florida	
Hollywood	Jordan Marsh
Miami	Jordan Marsh
West Palm Beach	Jordan Marsh
Georgia	
Atlanta	Davisons
Macon	Davisons
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Honolulu	Liberty House
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Nevada	
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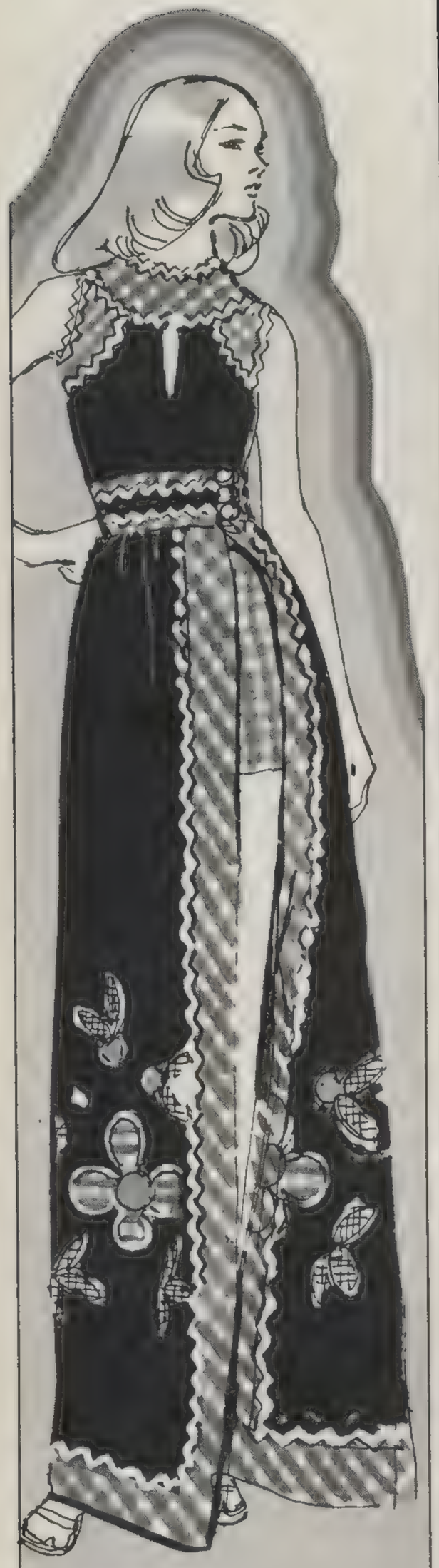
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VOGUE MOVIES

How France survived occupation

"THE SORROW AND THE PITY"

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

The Sorrow and the Pity is the most remarkable film I have seen this year. Yes, it is really four-and-a-half hours long. It is in black and white. It must, I guess, be termed a documentary. But it is a film that restores faith in the capacity of a stereotyped art to find fresh ways to state and illuminate experience.

The director, Marcel Ophuls, set himself a big and serious subject but also a difficult and amorphous one. It is no less than to penetrate the suppressed memories of the French people and to confront them with the ways they behaved during the Nazi Occupation. It is almost an exercise in national psychoanalysis. The first problem Ophuls faced was to devise the play of technique that would give the subject both immediacy and perspective. He has solved this problem brilliantly.

The Sorrow and the Pity concentrates on the town of Clermont-Ferrand. Much of it consists of interviews made in 1969 with men and women who lived there during the Occupation—members of the Resistance, fence-sitters, collaborationists, even Germans. Most reminisce rather freely about what they did under the Nazis. But Ophuls has also tracked down newsreels and other films shot during the Occupation itself. So the past exists not only as memory but as actuality. Cutting back and forth between present and past, he can display the distortions of recollection, vanity, and guilt. Interspersed are interviews with historical figures, placing events in a larger framework—Lord Avon (Anthony Eden), Georges Bidault, Jacques Duclos, Albert Speer, René de Chambrun, Pierre Mendès-France.

The technique is dazzling; but the film could not succeed on that alone. Nothing is more deceptive than the so-called documentary. The camera may never lie, but the fellow in the cutting room can produce almost any effect he wants. This was Ophuls's second problem; and he has solved this, too. He and his associates handle a staggering mass of material with a generally firm and dispassionate historical intelligence. The questions in the interviews are searching and tough (though unaccountably no one asks Duclos, the old Stalinist, what he and his comrades were doing before the Nazi attack on Russia). Sympathy goes naturally to the Resistance, and one is moved when an admirable old peasant, explaining why the Resistants did not treat the Nazis with the cruelty with which the Nazis treated them, says, "We did not wish to put ourselves in their category." That was broadly true. Yet Ophuls does not gloss over the excesses of the *épuration* when, after the German defeat, the Resistance turned on the collaborationists.

Ophuls lays out the problem unsparingly but does not demand a verdict. The problem, of course, is how people behaved. And the unexpressed question for audiences watching the film is: what would you have done? *The Sorrow and the Pity* offers a wide panorama of human courage, evasion, and cowardice. Insofar as the film yields generalizations, it is that peasants, workers, and aristocrats were a little more likely to have been staunch than the bourgeoisie but that brave men and women could be found in every class. *The Sorrow and the Pity* evokes an experience without moralizing about it. Lord Avon well states what I take to be Ophuls's point: only those who have been through the ordeal themselves have a right to judge how other people behave under enemy occupation. ▼



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VOGUE ART

Through modern sculpture

FROM MATISSE TO CARO

BY BARBARA ROSE

New Yorkers had an unusual opportunity recently to experience a capsule history of twentieth-century sculpture by walking from The Museum of Modern Art on Fifty-third Street, where a complete show of Matisse's bronzes in a pre-Cubist style was delighting crowds, up to the André Emmerich Gallery on Fifty-seventh Street, where an exhibition of the post-Cubist assemblages of standard industrial-steel elements by the English sculptor Anthony Caro was posing fresh problems of interpretation. On the way, they might have passed Picasso's 1912 metal-and-wire relief construction "Guitar," which the artist has just given the Museum. An astonishingly precocious work, it anticipates Cubist assembled sculpture with its flat planes and hard linear edges that contrast dramatically with the softly modeled contours of traditional sculpture.

Great as they are, Matisse's sculptures, in comparison with Picasso's radically innovative forms and techniques whose sources were both the mechanical images as well as the assembling techniques of modern industry, are obviously an extension of nineteenth-century attitudes. Indeed, there is an uninterrupted continuity between Rodin's sensual, summarily modeled bronzes and Matisse's sculpture, which departs from Rodin eventually in the direction of greater abstractness and Expressionist distortion. We see this evolution quite clearly if we compare Matisse's celebrated figure of "The Serf" (which took him, according to his biographer Louis Aragon, more than two thousand hours between 1900 and 1903 to complete) with Rodin's "Walking Man" in The Metropolitan Museum of Art. Immediately the greater abstraction of Matisse strikes us.

According to Albert E. Elsen, in *The Sculpture of Henri Matisse* (Harry N. Abrams, Inc.), Matisse's conception of sculpture changed through contact with the sculptor Antoine Bourdelle, with whom he briefly studied, as well as with the paintings of Cézanne. Both emphasized the construction of the figure, along with a certain simplification, and Matisse followed them in this direction. Comparing the four stages of his large bronze relief "The Back" (the first executed in 1909 and the last finished in 1930), for example, we see Matisse becoming increasingly interested in purely formal divisions and less involved with the sensuality of the body of the nude who originally inspired the works.

The "Back" sculptures, roughly six feet tall, were Matisse's largest. But in contrast with the mammoth, architectonic works being produced by artists these days, they appear quite modest. Anthony Caro's painted-steel pieces, however, are among the few contemporary works that justify their large scale. Beginning as an assistant to Henry Moore, Caro developed his sculpture away from its sources much as Matisse did; that is, toward greater abstractness. Matisse never wished to be entirely free of the model. But Caro's latest works are pure structures, have no residual vestiges of any kind of anthropomorphism. Most original about Caro's latest work is a new attitude toward sculpture in the round, which Caro now conceives as demanding viewing not only from all four sides but from above and below as well. The spectator is encouraged to examine works from novel angles suggestive of an entirely new spatial conception in sculpture. Caro proves as Matisse did that tradition, in the right hands, can still be made to yield fresh insights. ▼

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VOGUE TRAVEL

In pleasure-rich Barcelona:

SHOPPING, SEEING, EATING, AND PALACES OF PICASSOS

BY ROSAMOND BERNIER

Fortunately Roland has a sense of direction. He took off from our hotel (The Manila) down the Ramblas, turned down a wide street overhung with triple-globe lights and into the maze of the *barrio gótico*. We had come to Barcelona to see the new Picasso Museum, and Roland Penrose, Picasso's biographer, is apparently so attuned to his subject that some instinctive radar propelled him through the labyrinthine alleys right to the Catalan Gothic palace where the museum has been installed.

The Calle Moncada is only to be entered on foot; no cars allowed. It is lined with flat-faced stone palaces: fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth century, all being restored by the municipality; the Picasso Museum is at No. 15. We looked at the arched doorway with dismay: although it was the middle of the afternoon, the museum was closed. Spanish hours, of course: open from 10 to 1, then from 5 to 8.

We had gotten an early start on the morning we spent at the Museum of Ancient Art in Montjuich Park, above the city (closed after 1:30 in the afternoon), among the Romanesque frescoes and polychrome sculptures gathered from Pyrenees churches. The expressive power of those hieratic figures outlined in black and the vigor of the carvings make that art moving to contemporary eyes. But today we were too late for the morning session.

"The glass shop is somewhere around here," said Roland, so we continued down the stone canyon, steep houses rising on either side. Calle Moncada changes its name to Vidriera—glassmakers have worked here since the Middle Ages; we went into a dark cubbyhole at No. 6, no sign outside, the window a confused jumble, to enter the magical world of the Hijo de J. Grau glass shop. It was crowded with bottles, vases, decanters edging each other off shelves, huddled on counters; a honeycomb of partitions housed odd shapes wrapped in faded paper, everything covered with the most noble dust I had seen since Giacometti's studio—thick, opalescent, authoritative dust. But the colors, the shapes! Deep blue, the best red, emerald green, amethyst, smoky grey; nineteenth-century Romantic, Art Nouveau, Art Deco. . . . They worked from old models, the proprietor said; the pieces were blown individually.

In spite of the specter of overweight that haunts air travelers, we could not resist: Roland chose for Picasso a ruby decanter held by a hand and a milky dressing-table bottle for Jacqueline Picasso. I bought twelve cobalt-blue glasses. We left delighted by our acquisitions.

It still was not five o'clock so we stopped at my favorite Barcelona church, just a few steps away, Santa María del Mar. Vicissitudes have served it well; although the *Guide Bleu* deplores the fires that destroyed interior treasures, the fires left the splendid soaring space its full eloquence. Only the color of bare stone remains—sober Catalan Gothic so beautiful that it catches the breath.

Another Barcelona favorite we had enjoyed was noble fifteenth-century architecture of the Hospital de la Santa Cruz, with its courtyard rich with orange trees and fountains and a staircase bordered in *trompe-l'oeil* bannisters of blue and yellow tiles. Antonio Gaudí was brought here, unconscious after being run over by a streetcar in 1926, so shabbily dressed that no one identified the creator of the Sagrada Familia until after his death. Now it has been transformed into the Municipal Library. (Calle del Hospital, just off

(Continued on page 34)

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VOGUE TRAVEL

Barcelona: where to find treasure and good food

(Continued from page 32) the Rambla de las Flores.)

At last the portals—not of Heaven but of Picasso's private pantheon—did open for us; and we pored over the literally thousands of documents in the Picasso Museum. The museum originated when Jaime Sabartés, Picasso's lifetime companion and watchdog, presented his personal collection to his native city to start a Picasso museum. When Sabartés died, Picasso gave his entire fifty-eight variations on Velázquez's "Las Meninas" series in Sabartés's memory. And then Picasso emptied a horn of plenty over the embryonic museum. Now not only one Gothic palace is filled with the unpublished studies, sketches, drawings, and oils of his early pre-Paris years (and a group from 1917) but a second and a third palace had to be acquired to house them all. Here Picasso writes the visual autobiography of his youth: portraits of family and friends, landscapes describing the rocks of Málaga, gnarled trees of Horta de San Juan, the sea and sky of Catalan ports. The first bullfight scene dates from his ninth year; there are the doves, the tender and sometimes savage evocation of women. Picasso once said that as a boy he could draw like Raphael—the Calle Moncada hoard proves him right: this graphic genius had no groping childhood. Even the earliest studio sketches show astonishing mastery of line.

Sometimes on our way back from the Picasso Museum we would lunch at the Glaciar on the Plaza Real—the solid comfort of red banquettes and heavy chandeliers, with swallow-tailed waiters bearing platters of *gambas a la plancha* (charcoal-grilled shrimps) and *crema catalána* for dessert—a lustier version of *crème brûlée*, thickened with cornstarch and flavored with orange.

The painter Tápies and his attractive wife took us to another pleasant restaurant, Agut d'Avignon, that delighted us by its omelet flavored with the tender green shoots of fresh garlic. The Agut d'Avignon (near the Plaza San Jaime) is cool and pleasant with natural wood tables; but our real discovery was an authentic Art Nouveau bar, worthy of this city so fancifully endowed with turn-of-the-century decor. El Paraigua used to be an umbrella shop: the counter was transformed into a bar; otherwise, the interior, all sinuous mahogany moldings and mirrors, pink glass lampshades like clusters of jellyfish, is intact (Pas de l'Ensenyansa No. 2).

On a previous Barcelona visit we made the half-hour plane hop (Iberia) to Majorca to spend the day with the Mirós. This time Miró suggested a seafood restaurant in town, Caballeira (Calle Cristina, near Plaza Palacio). Though typically Catalan, this Morgan Bank of marine treasures is run by Galicians. But Miró had already greeted us, we pointed out to him, when we arrived with his immense ceramic mural at the Barcelona airport. "You must see it at night," Joan urged.

Miró ordered the meal, blue eyes sparkling with pleasure. Dish after dish with *almejas* (clams), *percebes, cigalas* (crayfish), *vieiras* (scallops), giant *centollas* (crabs)—their succulent livers mashed and put back in their shells. A local sauce called *romesco,* red and spicy, was served with the grilled crayfish. We drank Rivero, a dry Galician white wine; then deep-red, Priorata, from Tarragona where Miró was born. We ate *teta gallega* cheese, which looks like a woman's breast by Oldenburg; we drank Meus Amores, a port-like wine. Then Pilar asked for a dessert: *orellates* (little ears), flat, flaky fritters dusted with sugar and flavored with anise. We toasted this initiative with Acquardiente de Calder, an *eau de vie* made from olive pits. It was a very merry evening; we almost began to understand Catalan.

Note: Iberia Air Lines has daily flights from New York to Madrid, and the same plane goes on to Barcelona (an hour's flight). You can sleep through the trip by posting at your seat a card showing two eyes shut; or you'll be wakened for meals if you put up the card showing just one sleepy eye closed. ▼

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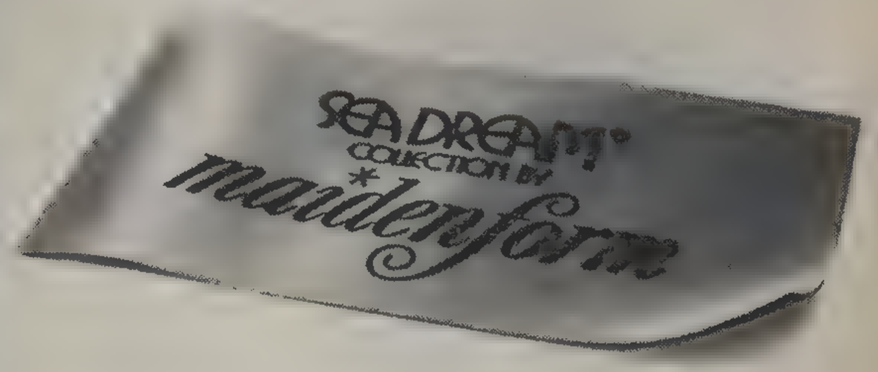
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VOGUE HEALTH

What doctors say: THE NO-BRA LOOK MAY CAUSE "COOPER'S DROOP"

BY MELVA WEBER

Is bra-less-ness hazardous to your health?

"Cooper's Droop" is the nicely rounded name (after an eighteenth-century anatomist) that doctors give to the possible results of not wearing a brassière. Heavy breasts may eventually give in to gravity and sag, said Dr. John H. Wulsin of the Cincinnati College of Medicine. The problem is entirely esthetic—no disease has ever been linked to this kind of freedom. Dr. Milton T. Edgerton of the University of Virginia Medical Center has pointed out that plastic surgery can restore drooping breasts to firm shape and that, since the surgical implants are fastened to the pectoral muscles, a brassière then becomes truly optional.

Good meals won't save you

from the hazards of heavy drinking. Too much alcohol damages the muscles by causing the microscopic spaces between the fibers to become swollen and clogged by droplets of fatty or sugar-like substances. Dr. Emanuel Rubin, a pathologist, tested a group of healthy, nonalcoholic men by having them drink the equivalent of a fifth of whiskey every day. They spaced the drinks, so they never got drunk (though there was some "euphoria," according to the doctor), and ate a carefully balanced diet with generous supplements of vitamins, minerals, folic acid. The electron microscope showed the muscle damage. Similar changes have been found in the livers of heavy drinkers. These fake alcoholics went off the bottle at the end of a month; their muscles recovered in the six months following. Dr. Rubin's conclusion: a poor diet may hurry alcohol damage, but a good diet won't prevent it.

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Pills to melt gallstones

would save five million sufferers from gallbladder operations each year. Such medical happiness may be within reach: Four doctors at the Mayo Clinic, led by Dr. Rudy G. Danzinger, are testing capsuled doses of a bile substance called chenodeoxycholic acid. Seven women with gallstones took the capsules. One patient's gallstones disappeared completely. In three of the women, the stones grew smaller; and in three, there was no change. Gallstone pills are not ready for everyday use, but the medical team is pressing on.

Mary Poppins knew what to do.

Just a spoonful of sugar—the Poppins prescription—turns out to be what doctors order, too, to cure fits of hiccups. A medical trio—Dr. Edgar G. Engleman at the University of California medical school and Drs. James and Barbara Lankton in Miami—report that, in nineteen out of twenty of the cases they treated, a teaspoon of dry white granulated sugar taken straight stopped the hiccups. These attacks of singultus (the medical term) had been going on for at least six hours (some for six weeks); and some of the sufferers were recovering from open-heart or abdominal surgery—hiccups hurt, then. The doctors are now trying to figure out why the home remedy worked when sophisticated drug treatment had failed. Possibly the grains stimulate the pharynx.

Springtime will make you weep

or sneeze, puff your eyes, if you are allergic to the pollen of grass or of trees or to the mold often left on grass when the snow melts. Brilliant spring flowers are unlikely to give you an allergic reaction unless you bury your face in them: their pollen is heavy and sticky, the better to grab the bees. The light, windborne pollen of drab, inconspicuous weeds turns on the tears. "Rose fever" is caused by grasses; and goldenrod isn't guilty, it's the ragweed. How you and your children can cope with these and other antigens is explained by pediatrician-allergist Dr. Doris J. Rapp in her new book, *Allergies and Your Child* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc.).

For women, the vital vitamins:

Babies are demanding; and as early as the fourth week after conception they demand vitamins B_6 and B_{12} for their nervous systems, said Margaret Markham, director of the Vitamin Information Bureau. At the one-month stage, the heart cells start to pulse, and the fetus needs calcium. When the connective tissues and blood vessels form, vitamins B_2, B_6, folic acid, and pantothenic acid are needed to help the mother to make use of the protein in her diet and so to provide the essential protein for the baby. In the seventh week, developing eyes need vitamin A; after that, vitamin C becomes important for skin, teeth, gums, hair, and glands. Since many of these vitamin hungers could exist before you have even realized that you are pregnant, all-round good vitamin nutrition is a must.



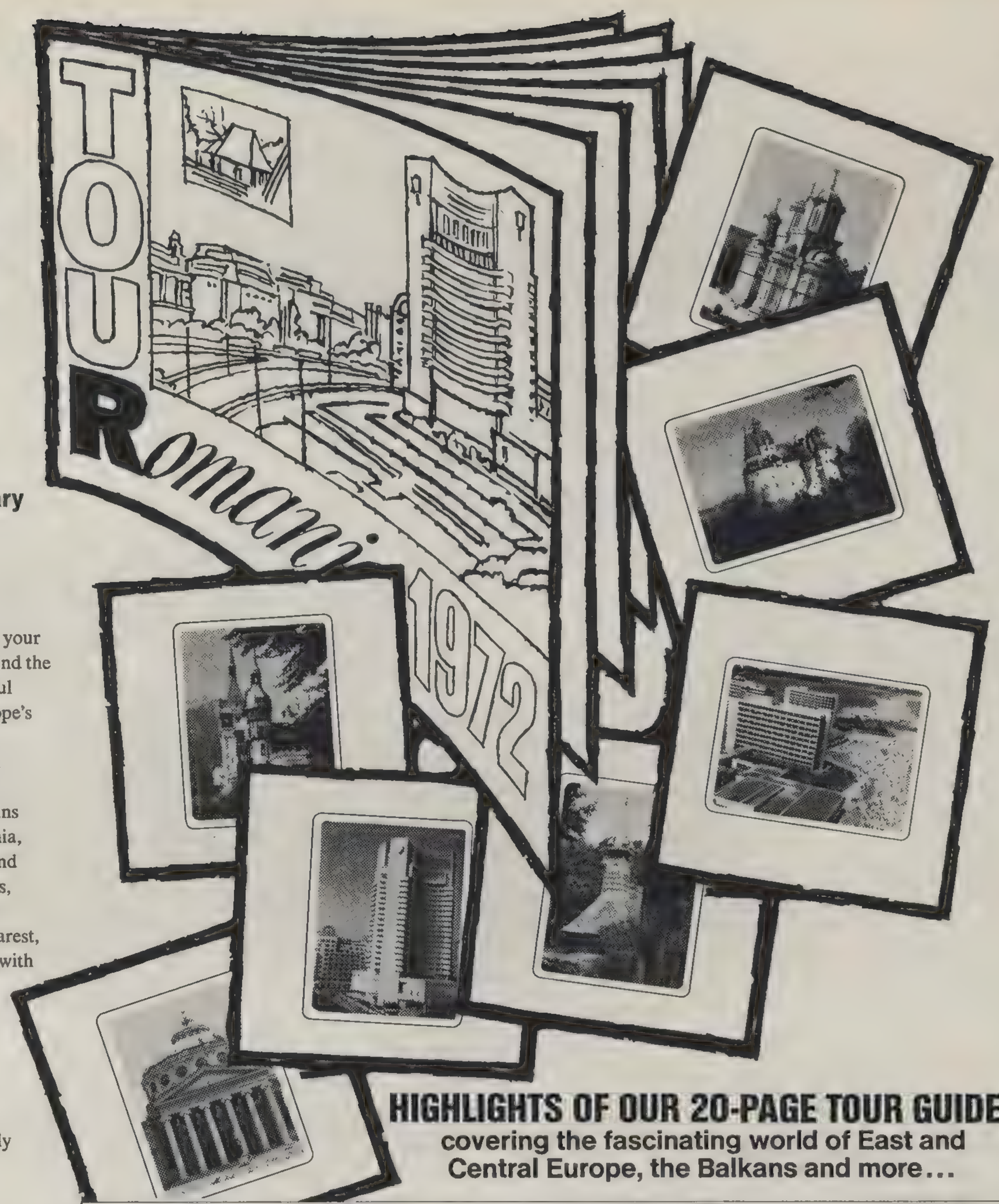
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TOUR NAME	PROGRAM IN ROMANIA	OTHER COUNTRIES VISITED	TOUR OPERATOR
Eastern Discovery, 21 Days	3 days: Bucharest.	Soviet Union, Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, German Democratic Republic, Federal Republic of Germany.	American Express, N.Y.
Great Cities of Eastern Europe, 14 Days	4 days: Bucharest, Sinaia.	Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Hungary.	Associated World Travel, Washington, D.C.
Balkan Capitals, 21 Days	4 days: Bucharest, Sinaia.	Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Greece.	Thomas Cook & Sons, N.Y.
Domes & Minarets, 21 Days	4 days: Bucharest.	Soviet Union, Turkey, Bulgaria.	General Tours, N.Y.
Eastern European Capitals, 21 Days	5 days: Bucharest, Brasov.	Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Soviet Union, Bulgaria.	General Tours, N.Y.
Danube & Dalmatian Holiday, 21 Days	6 days: Bucharest, Brasov.	Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia.	General Tours, N.Y.
Four Capitals, 16 Days	6 days: Bucharest, Brasov.	Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary.	General Tours, N.Y.
Tale of Two Rivers, 18 Days	5 days: Giurgiu, Bucharest, Brasov.	Holland, German Democratic Republic, Federal Republic of Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria.	General Tours, N.Y.
Israel, Romania, 21 days	9 days: Bucharest, Brasov, Piatra Neamt, Sinaia.	Israel.	Knickerbocker Travel, N.Y.
Dalmatia and the Balkans, 27 Days	6 days: Bucharest, Ploiesti, Brasov, Cluj, Oradea.	Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Hungary.	Maupintour, Kansas City
Stop—N—Go Eastern Europe, 14 Days	3 days: Bucharest.	Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Bulgaria, Austria.	Travel—Go—Round, N.Y.
Ada Balkan Adventure, 24 Days	Bucharest, Brasov.	Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Hungary.	Down Town Travel Center, N.Y.
Balkan & Dalmatia, 27 Days	4 days: Bucharest, Ploiesti, Sinaia.	Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Hungary.	Maupintour, Kansas City
Exotic Eastern Europe, 21 Days	4 days: Bucharest, Black Sea Coast.	German Democratic Republic, Federal Republic of Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, Poland, Soviet Union.	Olson Travel Organization, Chicago
Balkan & Bosporus, 21 Days	3 days: Bucharest.	Bulgaria, Turkey, Greece.	Olson Travel Organization, Chicago
Eastern Renaissance, 30 Days	3 days: Bucharest.	Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Turkey, Greece, Italy.	Olson Travel Organization, Chicago
Classic Eastern Europe, 21 Days	3 days: Bucharest.	Soviet Union, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Bulgaria.	Travcoa, Chicago
Tour of Eight Flags, 19 Days	3 days: Bucharest.	Soviet Union, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Bulgaria, Turkey, Yugoslavia, German Democratic Republic, Federal Republic of Germany, Denmark.	Travcoa, Chicago
Four Capitals & Four Countries, 14 Days	3 days: Turnu Severin, Craiova, Bucharest.	Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Turkey.	Jet & Cruise, N.Y.
From the Moldau to the Aegean	5 days: Bucharest, Brasov.	Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria, Greece.	Lissone Lindeman, New York
Eastern Europe	Weekly departures, Bucharest - 4 days, Romania - 8 days.		Afton Tours, N.Y.

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VOGUE BOUTIQUE

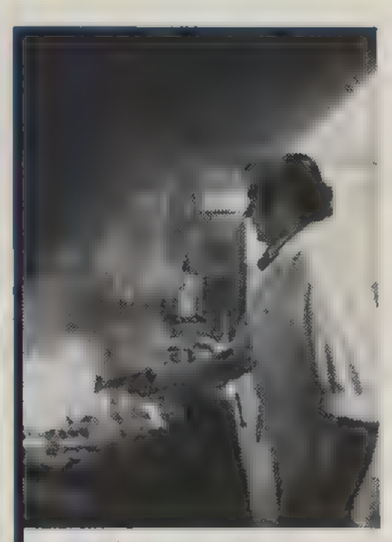
California: Ahh, Sunset Boulevard, pathway of the stars...and along its curvy winding route from Beverly Hills is a little boutique called Holly's Harp. Holly makes limpid, interestingly cut clothes for lots of the pretty young girls of Hollywood, and once in a while for a movie. Here, in the mirror, Cheryl Dragoti, wife of film producer Stan Dragoti, tries on a strawberry-red ruffly matte jersey...$200. Ali MacGraw will be wearing Holly's clothes in a new movie. Holly's Harp is at 8605 West Sunset Blvd....



Greece: It's tucked into one of those whitewashed buildings on the curving streets of the lovely village of Lindos on the island of Rhodes —a little boutique called The Looms of Lindos run by Mary Clow—summer clothes all made of a fabric woven on the island that looks like a coarse linen-y cotton. The colors are all fresh sunshine—wonderful sky blue, lilac, happy yellow. ...Jax boutique in New York has some of their things, too....



New spots, boîtes in PARIS, *all around the town*



Joe's hamburger joint—

A touch of home in the chic ville—Joe Allen's American restaurant at 40 rue Pierre Lescot. It's just like the original on 46th Street in Manhattan with hamburgers, real chili, T-bone steaks, and—if they're able to find pecans in Paris—pecan pie.... The chef is French, but lived in America for many years....

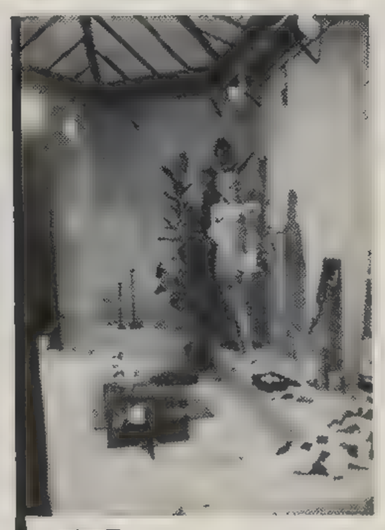
JACK NISBERG



Sara's set up shop

in what used to be a butter-and-egg store. Sara Shelburne, above left, a transplanted American who designs pretty clothes in Paris that are sold here at Saks Fifth Avenue, has opened a boutique in the area of Paris around the old Les Halles market. Sara is on rue du Cygne....

MARY RUSSELL



Zozo's zeroed in

on the same new neighborhood of Sara and Joe—the old Les Halles marketplace. Across rue Pierre Lescot from Joe Allen's restaurant, Zozo's is a real find—a cavernous place of scrubbed stone, high skylighted ceilings, lots of green plants—and lots of nice clothes to buy....



Jap's taken a jump

The already famous Boutique Jap moved from the Passage Choiseul to a spot on rue de Grenelle (near Sonia Rykiel). A huge wide staircase almost fills the place, with racks on different landings filled with Kenzo's terrific designs....



Renoma hasn't budged

—they're still in their same location up at the other end of Paris, on rue de la Pompe. And they're still making their superb, sort of classic-y, clothes—like this beige suède deep-sleeved zip jacket, brown sweater with knitted-in "R"s, and terrific "Marlene" front-pleat beige flannel pants....



Vicky's new image

Once upon a time two young and gay American girls opened a boutique in Paris called Mia Vicky—at 21 rue Bonaparte. Well, Mia Fonssagrives came home to be a sculptor, but Vicky Tiel stayed on designing pretty feminine clothes... Vicky also sells her clothes to New York stores like Henri Bendel and Bonwit Teller....

VOGUE HOROSCOPE

FROM APRIL 15 THROUGH APRIL 30

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE



***CHARLES CHAPLIN** was born on April 16, 1889, with the Sun joined to Mercury in the extroverted sign of Aries; he prefers to deal with immediate reality, to assert himself in his daily encounters. The chart of this famous actor and film-maker shows the fame planet Uranus in Libra, opposite his Sun, polarizing the ego. Jupiter in Capricorn, highest planet on the map, emphasizes extravagant judgments, original performances. His determination to use his art to spell out life's predicaments is clear in Mars (reality) and Venus (social), both in Taurus—values in action. His Sun and Moon have now moved into a lucky aspect: renewed fame in 1972.*

ARIES, March 21–April 19. You assert your position by opposing conditions that balk your "starter" ideas. This is your training ground; you sense when to yield in later endeavors. Your ruler, Mars, still in Gemini and joined to Venus will create in you a desire to cooperate with others in verbal communication rather than through action alone. Uranus trine to Mars will provoke unexpected response to any new approach.

TAURUS, April 20–May 20. When Taurians are at their practical peak, they avoid distractions and refuse to dispense energy uselessly. You play an unassuming role to avoid competitors. With your ruler, Venus, in Air Gemini with Mars, you may need to talk more than usual to keep your project organized. One associate presses for advantages; another limits your program. Easy does it, to avoid heavy weather.

GEMINI, May 21–June 20. Your versatility will be given full play now with Saturn (organizing), Mars (forcing action), and Venus (social problems) giving Gemini much to do. Your ruler, Mercury, in assertive Aries (and not moving) will incline you to take the initiative—but to no avail until your ruler moves. An impersonal attitude will be best. At the end of the month, an unexpected communication is to your advantage.

CANCER, June 21–July 22. You retreat into your shell when events impose disciplines on you or when you are prodded into activity that you think unwarranted. Both problems may occur now, while Fire and Air signs are occupied and there is not a Water sign to help you. Jupiter in your seventh house of partners should give you the right to lean on others. One trusted friend will guide you and cue you in your role.

LEO, July 23–August 22. When those born in Leo are unable to express their many enthusiasms, they struggle valiantly against inertia to get back into action. To remain silent represents a loss to you. Now, three planets in Fire signs give you impetus; while four in Air signs encourage the publicizing of your ideas. With Mercury retrograde (standing still), you may have to wait until next month for the proper responses.

VIRGO, August 23–September 22. Virgo dislikes confusing situations or superficial atmospheres. Saturn (plan), Mars (reality), and Venus (practicality) all in Gemini at an angle against your sign will disturb your routine. This situation is complicated by Mercury, your ruler, in Fire Aries urging you to accomplishment. Since Jupiter is in Capricorn, a sign harmonious to yours, pouring out ideas, hold them to use later.

LIBRA, September 23–October 22. You do not take the initiative directly but subtly provoke others into doing it for you. At first, emotional commitments seem to put you off; yet a group atmosphere can lead you into alliances. Uranus in your sign now suits this personality trait of yours. Your ruler, Venus, in Gemini with Mars and Saturn will bring old friends back, while new ones are vying for your attention.

SCORPIO, October 23–November 21. Your systematic and unrelenting drive to achieve your goals seems to involve all those around you. You cannot understand anyone who does not become swept up by your projects; you think of such people as enemies. Your ruler, Mars, in Air Gemini and held in check by the discipline of Saturn may hold back your plans now. Venus joined to Mars might turn your thoughts to love.

SAGITTARIUS, November 22–December 21. The sagacious Sagittarian rejects the frivolous or shallow. Now, with your ruler, Jupiter, in serious-minded Capricorn, you will be given an opportunity to bring your ideas for definite programs to fruition. You may find associates difficult. To get their attention, persist and be firm in your demands; for soon your ruler retrogrades (stops moving) and might delay fulfillment.

CAPRICORN, December 22–January 20. Capricornians make excellent heads of organizations that need custodial supervision. With Jupiter in your sign now, move quickly to get as much leverage in initiating plans as you can, before the planet stops moving at the end of the month. Then production will come to a halt. Air signs are heavily occupied, making this a good time for you to advertise and to circulate information.

AQUARIUS, January 21–February 19. Aquarians are at their best when gathering people together to introduce new humanitarian ideas or programs. You like to focus attention on advanced movements, progressively building solutions to the human predicament. Your ruler, Uranus, in Libra (the civic sign) makes this a good time for such efforts. Saturn in Gemini would help to promote the most useful methods.

PISCES, February 20–March 20. As elusive as you seem to others, you have the patience to "feel out" allies; when the time is right, you attract those who can help to put your dream into actuality. Your ruler, Neptune, in Sagittarius has Mercury in trine (luck) in Aries—this aids your cause. Communicate on every level with those sympathetic to your cause. When you truly believe an idea valuable, Neptune grants your wish.

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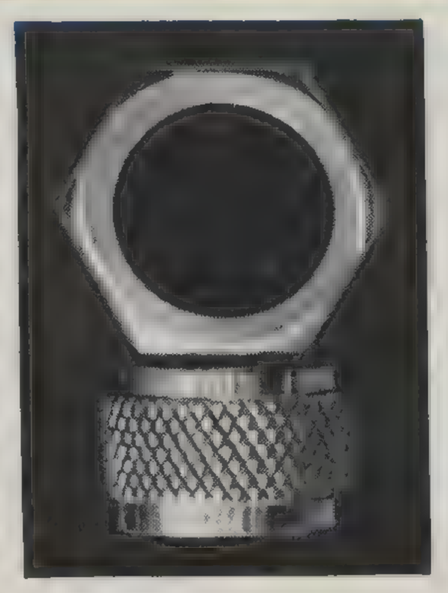
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Brass rings copied exactly from plumber's equipment—bolts, washers, that sort of thing—are the brainchild of a pretty model named Deanie Lerner, whose father is a plumber in Minnesota. The rings, $14 to $24 at Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th Street. . . .



STEPHEN PALEY

"I got out all my old Chanel jewels

—it's all I wear now." The beautiful Parisienne Betty Catroux, fondling here her fake emerald-and-gold Chanel chain, wears all Saint Laurent clothes. She's only one of many who are rediscovering the allure, the sensuous feel—the perfectness of Chanel's famous bijoux with all of today's fashion. . . . Another news flash from Betty. . . .

Green fingernails

Betty painted her nails green for an amusing party with some Biba polish found at Bergdorf's. The effect was terrific. . . . Another green-nailer is Liza Minnelli, below, as Sally in *Cabaret*. . . . Watch green nails, they're growing. . . .



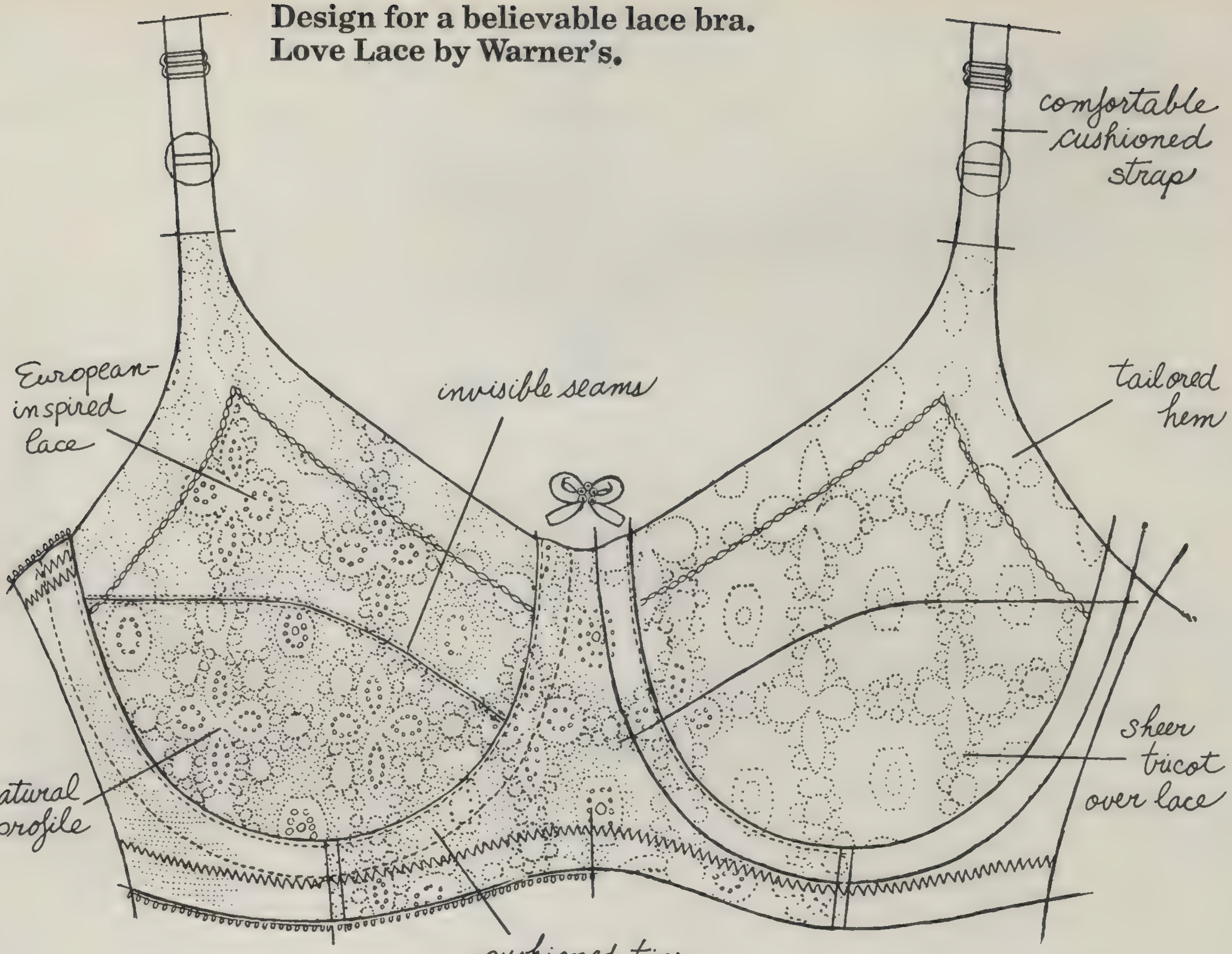
The evening hat

This is the way Andrea del Portago goes about New York, London, or Paris—to a big cocktail, a dinner, a gala party—she wears a bare-top black dress or pyjama, a silk red flower at the décolleté—and pulled down divinely on her head, covering all her hair, a close-cuffed cloche of velours. Andrea found her perfect hat at Biba's boutique in London, has them in six colors. Bergdorf's Biba boutique has them here, $7. . . . The point—the close, small evening hat looks very good on the right girl. . . .

Seamed stockings

Watch for them—they're catching on in New York, Paris—there's something very sexy about a sheer black stocking with that thin black seam. . .

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And there's more. Like gently cushioned straps and a beautifully tailored hem. And an underwire style, shown here, that features cushioned tip, flat underwire construction. For absolute comfort and support the whole day through.



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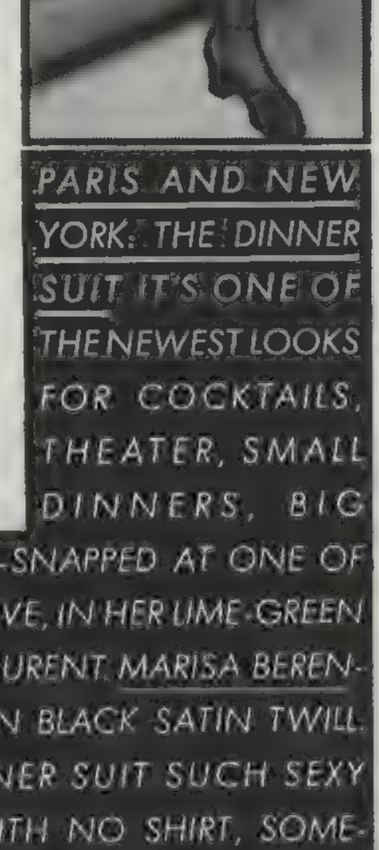
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VOGUE OBSERVATIONS

WHAT'S GOING ON

NEW YORK: THE SHAWL CONCEALS ALL—Jane Holzer hides her broken arm and its utilitarian sling under a green embroidered Spanish shawl. She tosses it on over blue jeans, knots it at one shoulder, and dances on—fringe, famous blond hair, one good arm flying. . . . **HAIR SWEPT TO ONE SIDE**—extraordinary how, after years of no-go, everyone wants side-parted hair. Around town, brunette long-haired Wendy Thomas even more smashing than usual with it. Lots of ladies are getting their side-parted cut at Cinandre, 21 East 57th Street, with bangs that sweep up to one side—looks as though the wind just tossed them. Irresistible. Camella Sparv Hoover and Ginette Camu are two who've done it. . . . **SWEATER SETS**—Sandra Feigen and Topsy McFadden have them in navy; Gloria Cooper in purple, in jade green; Annette Reed's is ivory. They're Adolfo's new soignée version of the old classic college-girl cardigan and pullover, only Adolfo's cardigan is cut like a shirttail at the bottom. . . . Halston's sweater sets are wool and angora and a little more classic, but just as narrow and clingy. And all of Halston's fans—starting with Mrs. Onassis—are snapping them up for spring. The sweater set is this season's replacement for the blazer. . . . **THE TEA-TIME RENDEZVOUS**—the pause that has always refreshed the English may be catching on in New York. Photographer Berry Berenson and the Metropolitan Museum's John McKendry are two planning to make it a regular quiet 5:00 P.M. break in the day at The Women's Exchange—they have cinnamon toast there. . . . **MORE FOOD FOR THOUGHT**—a fascinated visitor to New York reports Carol Channing arrived at a dinner party at the Raffles Club with a small suitcase filled with her own dinner of organic foods. . . .

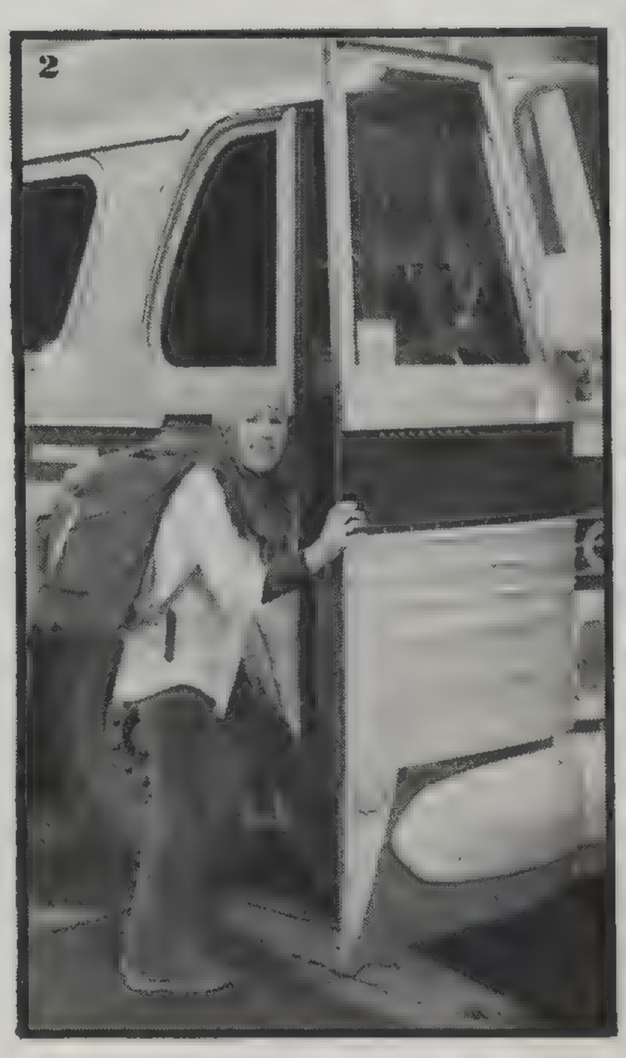


PARIS AND NEW YORK: THE DINNER SUIT IT'S ONE OF THE NEWEST LOOKS FOR COCKTAILS, THEATER, SMALL DINNERS, BIG FUNNY MIXED-UP PARTIES—SNAPPED AT ONE OF THESE, BETTY CATROUX, ABOVE, IN HER LIME-GREEN LAME TAILLEUR FROM SAINT LAURENT. MARISA BERENSON'S IS THE SAME CUT, IN BLACK SATIN TWILL. WHAT GIVES THE DINNER SUIT SUCH SEXY ALLURE—IT'S WORN WITH NO SHIRT, SOMETIMES JUST A CASCADE OF JEWELS, SHEER BLACK STOCKINGS, AND A SEXY SANDAL....

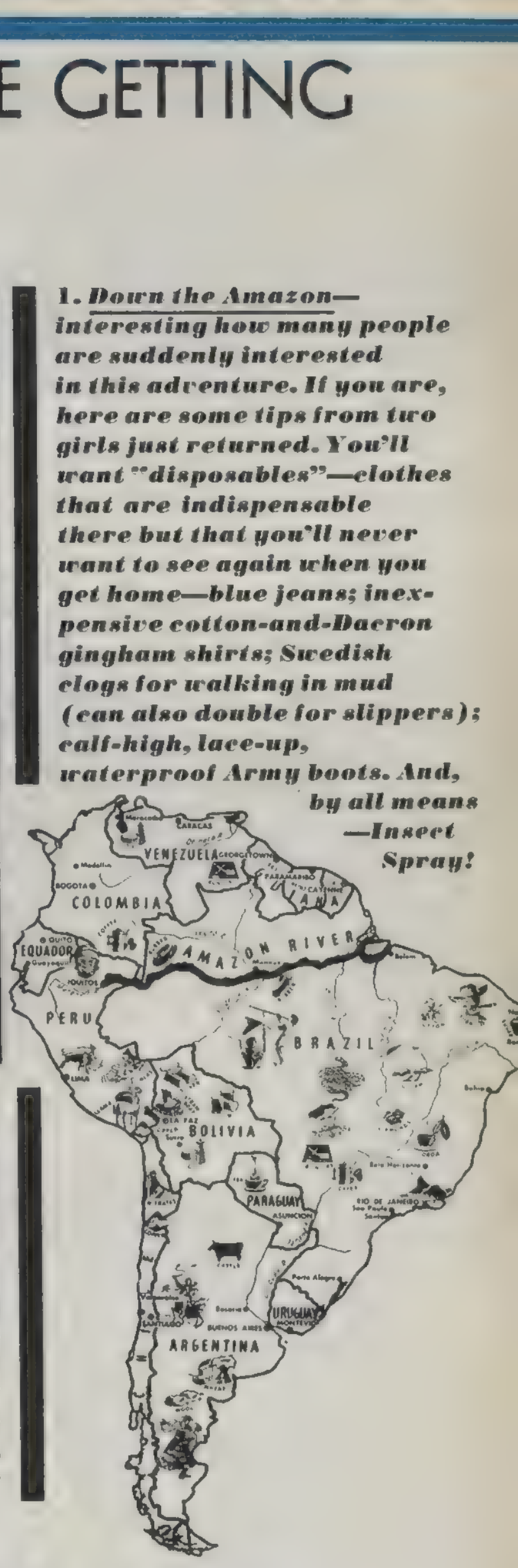


ROME: THE V-NECK SWEATER IS BACK reports Vogue correspondent Mary Russell, "worn alone with a string of pearls or over a tailored silk shirt. I think the newest is the classic tennis sweater with cable stitches and red and navy-blue stripes—not on the courts but on the street. Think how great one would look with a pair of white flannel pants, or a pleated skirt." You can get yours here, at Abercrombie & Fitch. . . .

HOW THEY'RE GETTING THERE



1. Down the Amazon—interesting how many people are suddenly interested in this adventure. If you are, here are some tips from two girls just returned. You'll want "disposables"—clothes that are indispensable there but that you'll never want to see again when you get home—blue jeans; inexpensive cotton-and-Dacron gingham shirts; Swedish clogs for walking in mud (can also double for slippers); calf-high, lace-up, waterproof Army boots. And, by all means —Insect Spray!



2. Across the country. Vicki Willson is planning to cover the country in the next six months and everything she needs is on her back—in her knapsack ($35 at the Army-Navy surplus store). Vicki says, "Everything must be packed very neatly—then you must unpack all of it to get something out!" Vicki travels mostly by bus—"no hitchhiking—too dangerous...."



3. Around town. Jane Forth totes baby Emerson all around the city, off on a weekend, off to a modeling assignment, wherever, in a royal-blue sort of papoose carrier that she found at Bloomingdale's, $14. "It's the most convenient device made. Your arms are free and you have your baby with you. He's happy and feels secure —he's close to you and feels the warmth of your body. . . . Whatever makes you both happy is how you should travel...."

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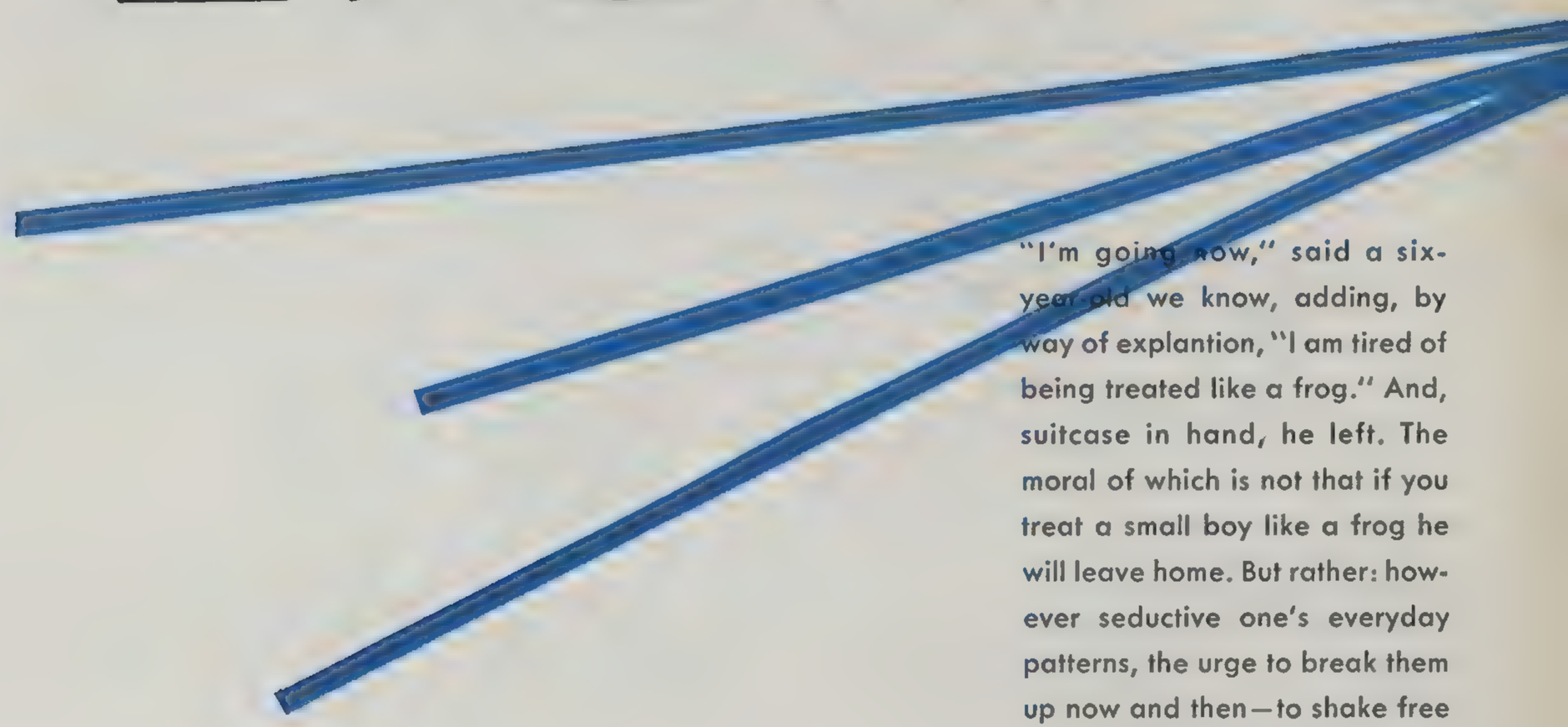
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Vogue's point of view

ESCAPE



"I'm going now," said a six-year-old we know, adding, by way of explantion, "I am tired of being treated like a frog." And, suitcase in hand, he left. The moral of which is not that if you treat a small boy like a frog he will leave home. But rather: however seductive one's everyday patterns, the urge to break them up now and then—to shake free of the familiar—is as instinctive as laughter. Not just to travel out of one place into another, but to travel out of oneself...into another mood, another way of thinking, of dressing, of doing your hair....All travel is escape and all escape adventure, and it is the exhilaration of the world. Only children need an excuse, the rest of us just go...go blond with a wig or to China with one suitcase. To the true escape artist, all paths are viable...and covered in the pages ahead.



HOW PEOPLE REALLY TRAVEL -

SOPHIA LOREN

Sophia stars here in one of her greatest roles—the one she is not famous for—the role of world traveler. Wife, mother, star, cookbook author...we all know about that. Now, and on the next two pages, the truth about how she plans, packs, goes, with each piece of luggage designed for her precise needs, and each flaunting her unmistakable, stand-out-in-any-crowd insignia, SP.

Sophia Loren Ponti always wears pants for travel. Here she wears an ivory-colored shantung suit and a plaided shirt. Her monogrammed-all-over Fendi luggage includes an indispensable shoulderbag packed with scripts, magazines, writing pad, and a pullover in case there's a chill in the airplane air. Suit by Miss Dior, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Fendi luggage, at Bloomingdale's.

HENRY CLARKE



SOPHIA LOREN'S PACKING PLAN,

PLOTTED TO THE LAST DETAIL

Probably the only role Sophia Loren has played to perfection without resounding acclaim is that of world traveler. Star of the new, spiced-up comedy film Maddelena and author of In the Kitchen With Love, published this month by Doubleday (delicious recipes Italian style with international sidelights—forget about calories), Sophia Loren approaches the trips that put her on location everywhere from the Sahara Desert to the island of Manhattan with precise programming and countless packing rehearsals. To begin with, onto a folding bridge table go the smaller "musts": the three address books (one Italian, one foreign, the third for business) and the special wallet for tickets, foreign monies, passport, and pads with pens attached. Then into the other and entirely separate categories of luggage, all matched and made to Sophia's wishes, go the medicines and cosmetics, the gloves and scarves, the dresses, the shoes in bags with plastic windows so she can see what is in each. In other words, no stinting on the amounts of luggage and no rummaging into some mysterious pile, but rather a compass reading of what's where. Sophia, an enormously talented and willing hand at packing, which she usually manages with the help of her personal maid, not only sorts the wigs she takes on her trips but sets them as well. Once aboard the airplane, Sophia tries to make herself "as comfortable as possible." Off go her shoes, down come a pillow and a light blanket, and there's always a book or a script to read, but rarely, if ever, a nap. "I'm horrified about flying. I'm so nervous that I do nothing but eat," Sophia said. No tranquilizers for her, though, and only one glass of wine. And a moment to retouch her makeup before landing, but never a complete do-over job: "Imagine if the plane suddenly got bumpy before landing—then I would really be in a mess." One of Sophia's persistent land arrangements is getting herself booked, whenever possible, into a hotel suite with a kitchenette. This way she can cook, sharing the job with her secretary, Ines, or her son's governess. She always travels with mineral water—her favorite is San Pellegrino—because she won't consider drinking tap water anywhere, and a Neapolitan coffee machine because she finds other coffee, especially American, "just terrible." Sophia Loren's way of coping with jet lag? Immensely wise. On her first night in Manhattan, for instance, she takes a hot tub, a light meal in her room (no espresso), refuses invitations, turns on television, drinks a midnightcap of hot milk and honey if she's up that late. Ten hours of sleep later she's in full stride, quite at home away from home.





Sophia Loren, above, with the wigs she takes care of herself and packs in their special round, roomy cases. Opposite: Sophia surrounded by at least a dozen of the travel bags, booklets, cases—plus shoe bags—that provide a place for every category of thing. Even eyeglasses get a separate matching piece of Sophia Loren's favorite luggage—printed canvas from Rome, by Fendi. All (minus her big SP) at Bloomingdale's. Sophia's blue, white, and red printed crêpe de Chine shirt and navy wool pants are by Miss Dior, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue.

HENRY CLARKE



How to look where you're going...and beat the luggage wait

THE ONE-BAG traveler...





...her trip on her shoulder, a perfect knit pants suit on her back

Something super to wear, and everything else in one bag—nothing to check, nothing to wait for—that is our idea of the ideal way to travel. And that's how we packed these six pages—enough fashion to go around for at least a week, weekends inc., contained (believe it, we tried it) in a single stay-with-you bag....Here is a girl, for instance, ready—and ready as is—for any temperate climate on earth: passport in hand, luggage on shoulder, and, on her back, *both pages*, a really nifty double-knit cotton cardigan and pants in red, blue, white—that's all there is, there isn't any more. When she gets where she's going—she goes.

Diane von Fürstenberg suit, about $75. Lord & Taylor; Hengerer's; Nan Duskin; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Mark Cross brown calf bag, $185. Carousel Dynel wig. All six pages: Franklyn Welsh coiffures. For accessory details, see the next to last page of this issue.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN



THE ONE-BAG traveler

.in seersucker crêpe

Everything attractive you can have in a suit, *both pages*—loose-falling shirt-jacket, pleats that blow but don't blow out—and one thing you've had to wait for till now: seersucker-y crinkle crêpe in a precise little foulard of grey, red, gold; gold cotton-lisle top....The bag you never wait for: 21-inches from stem to stern and in it once, all at one time, was every piece of clothing shown in these pages—plus 2 extra pants suits, 1 dress and jacket, 6 belts, assorted jewelry, scarves, passport cases, et cetera. We can't tell you the exact weight, but the sylph who carried it to the sitting is about 102 pounds sopping wet.

Adele Simpson suit, double-woven polyester fabric by It; about $295. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; O'Neil's; L. S. Ayres; Frost Bros. Samsonite tan softside bag—with briefcase, shaving kit, suit bag—of Skai vinyl; about $100. At Gimbels East. Accessories, next to last page.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN

THE ONE-BAG traveler

Right: By Bleyle for Hooper Associates, of polyester; jacket, about $74, pants, about $34. Abercrombie & Fitch; Jacobson's, Michigan; Bullock's Wilshire. Blue denim duffle, by Boyt, about $38. At Bonwit Teller... *Below:* By Günter, for Project 2, of polyester, rayon, and flax (Bloomsburg Fabrics); about $82. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; L. S. Ayres; Lillie Rubin, South and West. Dog carrier, Louis Vuitton; about $165. Saks Fifth Avenue. Below this, a Wings Luggage tote; about $85. At Bloomingdale's.

She travels fastest, *left*, with two free hands: the girl in the navy knit pants suit—all other around-the-worldly goods on her back (a breeze, as anyone who's ever slung a baby papoose-style will tell you)....Two one-bag travelers, *far left*, with beige-y patterned totes... she, impeccable forever, in an off-white, no-wrinkle lineny pants suit with the jacket of the year—long and shirty. (Marcellino wears, as always, his pale-honey silk coat.)... If you like being in a dress, *right*, this is the one to be in from the word go—a khaki-color chino shirt, collar and cuffs lined in white-dotted red. (The bag that goes, goes—eventually—on her back: yellow canvas, well-strapped.)...The one-coat traveler's one coat, *far right*: a rain, shine, day, night, weightless, creaseless, wonderful beige smock.

This page, left: Designed by Mario Forte for Rona, of Avril and polyester (Charter fabric). About $58. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; O'Neil's Toronto. Samsonite backpack, about $23. Gimbels East. *This page, right:* Originals designed by the Wacs, of Orlana nylon, about $250. Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.; Hartfield's, Pollock's-Wilshire. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.

SOCIAL CLIMBING THE TRAVEL WAY

who does it in 1972 . . . where . . . and how

BY GEORGE BRADSHAW

In the blustery atmosphere of human relationships, social climbing must be counted as one of the more gentle weathers. It does no real harm, it raises nothing more important than eyebrows, it adds to the delights of snobbism and gossip.

More seriously, in not a few cases, social climbing has actually strengthened bloodlines—thus acting out, indeed, a kind of haphazard theory of natural selection.

The quality climbing requires is one of innocent exuberance. I think it has been so since the beginning. Remember those ambitious Greek girls who cast their eyes up to Olympus where their real society lay. Remember their stories about swans, and showers of gold, and bulls. If they could just make their stories stick, they were invited to all the best dinner parties.

And so on down. Bankers have become princes, actresses have become duchesses, and Baptists have become Episcopalians. And all with the same motive: let's get out of here and go upstairs. What's the harm?

However, and it is a large however, social climbing has not always been looked on with indulgence. For a long time, maybe centuries, a social climber was looked down upon, snubbed, made fun of, ignored. He was unfashionable.

Why? I wonder if it did not have something to do with Lady Macbeth? There was the social climber par excellence. She went from strength to strength; she never made a misstep.

But Lady Macbeth did not play fair. Brass knuckles must never be part of the equipment of a social climber. (I am aware that even she had her doubts: "the perfumes of Arabia," and so on, sounds a questioning note; but, remember, that was when she was asleep; when she was awake, watch out.) She got her comeuppance, I grant you, but I wonder if she didn't give the whole business of social climbing a bad name, which lasted a long long time.

Well. It's all changed now. Good days are back, it's open season all year long. Again, why? Different manners, looser morals, no stamina? Yes, all contributing factors, but who was it that broke the mold, removed the stigma—what one person? I think that if you are pointing, you will find that your finger is upon Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, that gay heart. It was she who threw open the windows, let in the sunlight, and so encouraged social climbers to set up their ladders. She is their patron saint.

Those faraway circumstances seem so unexceptionable now: Mrs. Vanderbilt discovered that the roofs of Blenheim Palace were urgently in need of repair; the Duke was single; she had a daughter. An arrangement was made—and at rather a bargain price compared to some modern marriage settlements you hear of—and Mrs. Vanderbilt gained a Duchess. That she lost a daughter is a detail.

Art, you can be sure, came trundling along pretty soon after real life. Henry James wrote *The Golden Bowl* (Maggie Verver marries the Prince), and Marcel Proust began to cast a calculating eye upon his invitations: *Remembrance of Things Past* was in rehearsal.

With such examples—both literary and social—to act as guides, the rush was on. Every air-brake heiress in Akron, Ohio, was off and running with a dream and a checkbook; and soon half the noblemen of Europe were roped and branded.

If social climbing is now not so rough-and-tumble as it once was, if a few subtleties and refinements have been introduced, I think that the characteristic imperatives of the game have never really changed much.

There could be no social climbing if it were not for one basic circumstance: the rich are bored. That famous old cry—"What shall we do with September?"—is as pathetic now as it ever was. The rich are forever looking for someone to divert them. So it is boredom that gives you the first free step up the ladder. After that it's a question of wit, ambition, and money.

And, the most successful place to set up your ladder remains the same: a place away from home. Henry James—again—early on in his stay in England, observed the rudeness practiced by the aristocracy on the middle classes. He, whose grandfather had been a poor Irish immigrant who made his money in Albany, New York, was certainly middle class. So he, to escape the rudeness, determined always in England to be a foreigner, a traveler.

That has been the safest and most successful dodge ever since. A garage mechanic from Wading River can go skiing these days in Davos and pose as whatever he likes; let him go to the Catskills (Continued on page 130)

fashion for the beach climates of the world

THE CRINKLE-COTTON WAY

Fatigues, *right*, in natural crinkle cotton—the cool, the gauzy, the original born-that-way wash-and-wear fabric (think about that when you're on a remote desert island without natural shade or DC converter—and collect crinkle cottons, such as in these pages). Here, a shirt that gives you all the ease and length you need over bare legs and bathing suits, or shorts, not to mention the wide matching pants it comes—and goes and goes—with.

By Maharajah for Potential, of cotton gauze; about $24. Abraham & Straus; Joseph Magnin. Eva Gabor Dynel wig. Suga coiffure. Accessories, next to last page.





YOUR HEALTH AND CLIMATE

with notes from the medics on weather, altitude, food, shots, common sense

BY ELLEN SWITZER

No traveler should have to pay for his trip to a marvelous exotic place with a miserable exotic illness, according to Kevin M. Cahill, Director of The Tropical Disease Center, St. Clare's Hospital in New York, consultant to the United Nations Health Service and the United States government, and Professor of Tropical Medicine at the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland. Dr. Cahill is also the author of the book *Medical Advice for the Traveler. . . . What To Do Before, During, and After the Overseas Trip,* published recently by Holt, Rinehart and Winston. Common sense, a reasonable knowledge about the climate and health conditions in the countries you plan to visit, and adequate planning and medical preparation should keep the most adventurous traveler in good health almost anywhere in the world, Dr. Cahill believes.

He is, incidentally, a perfect specimen for the effectiveness of his advice. He has lived and traveled in some of the remotest, most primitive sections of Africa and Asia, often accompanied by his wife and young children. Not only did he and his family remain in blooming good health, even during extremes of heat and humidity, but they usually had a marvelous time as well.

In giving health advice to American travelers, Dr. Cahill concentrates most of his attention on the medical problems that may arise in the less developed parts of the world and in areas where extremes in climate and altitude exist. "There is very little difference between health conditions in most European countries and the United States," he says. "Anything I could tell you about sensible health practices in Stockholm, Paris, Rome, or London would also apply to New York, Denver, Milwaukee, or San Francisco."

In planning a trip, the traveler must obviously take into consideration what sudden changes in climate and altitude may do to his health and his disposition. This is a relatively new problem. Fifty years ago, a trip to the tropics or the Himalayas on a ship and a train might have been less comfortable and certainly more time-consuming, but in many ways it was less shocking to the traveler's system. His body had time to adapt to changing conditions. Today a jet will take one in a few hours from an icy New York City winter to a hot and humid tropical island; from below-sea-level plains to mountain deserts.

Certainly the State Department staff members who helped to plan President Richard M. Nixon's trip to mainland China kept these considerations in mind. They realized that Nixon would have to cope with different climates and altitudes as well as with the time-zone syndrome (jet lag). A major reason for the Hawaii stopover, for instance, was to allow the Nixons to adjust gradually to the physical and psychological effects of traveling through different time zones and climates, according to the President's medical advisors. The average tourist who travels for business or pleasure might do well to take the same precautions on a very long trip.

And certainly anyone setting out for exotic terrain should heed the official warning to the Presidential party and press that weather, at its best, is unpredictable. When President and Mrs. Nixon left the White House, Washington was a chill, windy 35°. . . . Hawaii and Guam, both hot-ish, were primarily buffers against the staggering time-zone changes. Then China: "The Siberian anticyclone," according to Nagel's Encyclopedia-Guide, "stretches a long way southwards, sending [out] dry, cold air." Peking gets just a touch of this and averages 23° in winter. . . . 21° was cited by at least one TV newsman; Max Frankel of *The New York Times* settled on "a crisp, cold winter day." No one we recall said much about the dust that sweeps in from the Gobi desert, and only the Chinese wore the familiar gauze masks of the Orient. Everybody loved the snow. . . . Advance planning for the unexpected turned out to be the *mots justes.* Fur hats appeared on the newsmen working the small-screen circuit, and Mrs. Nixon changed from her dashing red, fur-lined coat to her fur coat.

Hangchow, where the weather is usually mild, had its coldest day of the year—cold, grey, and raw for the fascinating boat trip on West Lake. Mrs. Nixon stuck to her fur coat, but the President abandoned the greatcoat he wore at the Wall and in the—probably freezing—Ming tomb for a tweed topcoat. . . . Moral: Every traveler should study in advance the extremes of climate he'll encounter; that packed-in good thing for extra warmth, extra cold is the thing that's wanted on the voyage.

According to Dr. Cahill, the average traveler may experience extremes of heat, cold, and humidity without damage to his health . . . if the trip is planned to take these factors into consideration. "Man can adapt to almost any environment providing he allows adequate time for acclimatization and adopts patterns of activity, clothing, eating, drinking, and rest that experience has demonstrated to be best for the area visited," he said. This applies, of course, only to the healthy tourist. Anyone with a chronic disease has to make special plans and should discuss the extent and nature of his trip very carefully with his physician. In fact, the American Heart Association has recently warned travelers with heart or circulatory problems against sudden and repeated changes in climate and altitude.

Obviously, anyone flying out of an icy winter night in Boston to a hot, tropical or semi-tropical day in South America or Africa should not plan to spend his first few hours on the tennis court or in a non-air-conditioned conference room. The United States Army learned from on-the-scene training during World War II that it took the average soldier three to five days to get used to a drastic change in climate, and that his body adapted faster and more completely if those days were spent in a restful and relaxed manner.

Dr. Cahill advises that a person traveling from a cool area to a torrid one should not attempt vigorous physical activity over a prolonged period until he or she feels really comfortable in the new climate, and that these activities be scheduled during the coolest part of the day. The siesta is a long-standing and very sensible custom in many hot cities. Workdays start much earlier than in the United States and usually last until late morning, when the heat becomes most intense. Then everyone closes up shop, goes home, pulls (Continued on next page)

BEACH-CLIMATE DRESSING

Crinkle cotton blows in for summer

Cinnamon-brown pyjama, *left,* with a cool floaty djellaba-top piped in orange, blouson trousers banded at the ankle—the kind of never-fail freshness you can pull out of a suitcase any time, and just relax into.

Something! by Oscar de la Renta, of cotton gauze. Top, about $42; pants, about $42. End of April at Bonwit Teller; Marie Leavell. Alvah wig, of Elura. François of Kenneth coif. Accessories, next to last page this issue.

PENN





BEACH-CLIMATE DRESSING

The must-have shirt, the panne velvet maillot

If you need one more reason to have one more crinkle-cotton shirt—a reason, *left*, in natural gauze with little lingerie edgings (its rightness over a bikini here doesn't begin to tell the story—how airy and pretty, for instance, over shorts, short skirts by day, long ones at night, pants any time). . . . A serious swimmer's suit, *above*, with nothing serious about it—a shimmery cling of orange panne that swims like a dream, dries in a hurry, and holds every eye all the while.

Left: Shirt by Pranx, of Tussah Fabrics cotton; about $16. Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Kanekalon wig, Brentwood. François of Kenneth coif. . . . *Right:* Something! by Oscar de la Renta, of acetate and Helanca nylon; about $36. Bonwit Teller; Marie Leavell. Hair, wrapped by Suga. Accessories, both pages, next to last page.

PENN

YOUR HEALTH AND CLIMATE

(Continued) down the shades, lies down, and waits until late afternoon when business resumes and often continues into the early evening or into the night. The dinner hour, of course, is set accordingly . . . often after 9 P.M. Noël Coward's advice to the effect that "only mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun" applies to anyone who lives in or visits a country with a hot or tropical climate. The thing to do is to stay indoors or in the shade during the hot part of the day and to enjoy one's self outdoors when it's cooler.

Dr. Cahill also has found that many American tourists take the wrong kinds of clothing to hot and/or humid places. Vast expanses of exposed skin invite heat stroke, sunburn, and, possibly, malaria-bearing mosquitos. The best type of clothing to wear covers most of the body loosely and is made of porous fabrics to permit adequate evaporation of perspiration and the circulation of air around the body—according to Dr. Cahill, all those Bedouins with their long, flowing, light wool or cotton garments have the right idea. Several changes of clothing may be necessary during the course of a day. Dr. Cahill points out that in most developing parts of the world, hand labor is one of the most available commodities, and laundry services are rapid and inexpensive.

after a rapid change in climate, even an inability to make love...

Anyone traveling from a very hot to a very cold climate may have fewer problems, but body adaptation is still necessary. Although one does not catch a cold because the weather is freezing (colds are caused by germs), anyone who is exhausted is more apt to become ill. So, the injunctions about taking it easy for several days apply almost equally to someone flying from Africa to Anchorage, Alaska, as to the traveler who jets from New York to Nairobi in the middle of the winter. Anyone who experiences symptoms of physical exhaustion (tiredness, depression, lack of appetite, or even inability to make love) after a rapid change in climate, should listen to what his or her body is saying: "Slow down."

Indeed, any traveler who plans to engage in strenuous physical activity during his vacation should plan a program of conditioning exercises for several months before the start of the trip, Dr. Cahill advises. "I see people who, for a year, have done nothing more strenuous than walk the dog around the block, planning to stalk wild game in Africa or climb a mountain in Switzerland," he said. "Anyone who is not in good physical condition will find that he just can't participate in these activities. Also, accidents happen much more frequently to people who have gone from a completely sedentary life to a strenuous sport. Their muscles and reflexes are just not in condition to cope with the new set of requirements."

Some people suffer from temporary sleeplessness after a change in climate and/or altitude. Dr. Cahill, who certainly would not prescribe the routine use of sleeping pills, (Continued on page 124)

Your life in print, bare and covered

A whole day in the sun, *below:* three easy pieces of dry-in-a-flash knit in black with a bash of bright colors—a long wrap skirt for cover and, under it here, a tiny bikini that goes swimming with the bandeau. . . . A new wave of batik, *right,* in black with muted red, gold, and white—a marvelous way to look in a pants suit, with nothing but bare skin under the jacket, or a little cotton shirt for town-ing around a resort.

Below: 499 Division of Kloss•Pruzan; of nylon. Turnout, about $72. At Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Kaufmann's. Franklyn Welsh coif. . . . *Right:* By Blassport, of cotton (Far Eastern Fabrics). Jacket, about $70; pants, about $40. At Bloomingdale's; Hutzler's; Joseph Horne; Halle's-Cleveland; Swanson's. Suga coif. Beach-climate essential: protection for skin and hair that's in, out, or under the sun (easily accomplished with a couple of do-gooders like Irma Shorell's Youth 25 Moisturizing Creme and Wella's Herbal Hair Conditioner). Accessory information on the next to last page of this issue.





TRAVEL *anxiety*

A psychologist tells how not to suffer it

BY EILEEN SIMPSON

The English writer V. S. Pritchett, who as a young man preparing a book on Spain set out to explore the country on foot, wrote recently and nostalgically that the day of the traveler is over; like it or not, we are now all tourists.

We don't like it. We cling to the notion that while *they* are tourists, we are somehow special. We say, "I wouldn't be caught dead traveling in a group, I always go off season, I know my way around. . . ." Around Europe perhaps, but how recently have we made a tour of reality? Pritchett, observing in 1972 that hotels, trains, planes, and cafés are not merely full but jammed, called it "mass human pollution."

While the advantages of mass travel have been well advertised, the disadvantages have been hidden. A candid record of almost anybody's recent trip abroad would show that the periods of irritability, frustration, tension, and even anxiety were surprisingly many.

The great travel writers—from Marco Polo to Patrick Leigh Fermor—did not pretend that travel was a comfortable activity. One was buffeted by the elements, bitten by fleas, invaded by parasites, terrorized by bandits. Pritchett on his Spanish trip slept in a *venta* with the pigs (clean ones, but still), washed little, ate a bizarre and sometime noxious diet. A sound mind in a sounder body was essential for survival.

Under no misapprehensions, the serious traveler went prepared for as many eventualities as he could predict. He learned the language of the country he would visit, studied the writers who'd previously been there, collected maps and a small choice library, and packed his provisions. Now, tourists would do well, on a modest scale, to emulate him.

When the going is good, it's splendid; when for any number of reasons—a strike, bad weather, an air-traffic jam, or simply inadequate personnel to handle the crowds—the whole thing temporarily breaks down, the psychic discomfort index soars. What preparations have you made for becoming, as you suddenly might, a child in a large and disorderly family?

Oral deprivation: On the surface of it, with a variety and abundance of food to give a dieter nightmares, it seems absurd to talk of hunger. Certainly tourists don't starve. More and more, however, they miss meals. Who has not arrived in a provincial town, hours behind schedule, unfed, and been sent to (Continued on next page)

(Continued) bed without supper? And who has not, after a strenuous morning of sightseeing, sat down for lunch at noon and waited until two o'clock to be served? (No one who has been to Moscow.) The crankiness and irritability some suffer over a protracted delay or the loss of a meal make us suspect that the source is as much psychological as metabolic: the infant, hidden inside the adult exterior, howls for milk. Go prepared. Carry in your hand luggage nonperishable appetite-appeasers: dried fruit, crackers, Mr. Peanut bars (Virgil Thomson swears by them), space-food. The measure of independence this cache gives you may take the edge off your appetite and your irritability. In countries where the service is notoriously slow, where you are made to wait, don't wait. Do something. Go to the dining room prepared, with a book, for a good read.

Where service is slow,
don't wait.
Do something.

The startle effect: At the sound of a loud noise an infant's body goes into spasm. The well-sheathed adult nervous system protects the body from so intense an effect, yet the psyche continues to tremble. What is the surcease you become aware of as you wait for a taxi or the airline bus? You have escaped the incessant and incomprehensible announcements which the public address system has been inflicting on your ears. To be sure, the taxi driver's radio blares all the way to your hotel. And then the room with a view ("Yes, lovely," you say, as the man from Reception opens the shutters on it) turns out to be cantilevered over a roaring highway: sleeplessness, irritability, mounting hostility. You are powerless to control your environment. The ear must be protected. Store-bought earplugs do the job for some. If you are extremely sensitive to noise, it is worth having your plugs custom made. The noise is still there, but you have turned it down to a bearable level.

Separation anxiety: You arrive in Teheran, tired, eager to get to your hotel, shower, change. Your forty-four pounds of carefully selected possessions, you discover, are en route to Athens. Short of interesting the responsible official, what can you do to reduce your frustration? On the spot, very little. With foresight you can have put in your hand luggage whatever will make the time before your suitcases are returned more tolerable. Prescription medication, difficult to replace, should always go with you.

Sibling rivalry: Wherever lines form, and they are forming everywhere, tourists suffer from a kind of panicky impatience one sees in children who have to wait their turn. "Me first," the child shouts, pushing and shoving. "No, *me*." This naked sibling rivalry is provoked by fear of being left behind. Or of (Continued on page 125)



BEACH-CLIMATE DRESSING

News in black—the strapless maillot

Wet-looking, black-seal-shining, clinging like skin, *above*—a bathing suit that rewards a good figure simply by being available to it (and gives a tan the best possible send-off—no strap marks). All of which goes for the maillot, *right*, but goes further—this stretch of black, barely held together along one side by a profile of buttons.

Above: Estévez by Sea Darlings, of Antron nylon and Lycra; about $34. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; I. Magnin. On the subject of bare shoulders—and bared skin in general: Coppertone's Shade Suntan Lotion, with extra amounts of sunscreen for sensitive skin. Dynel wig by Halston for Abbott Tresses. . . . *Right:* By Eres, of jersey with Lycra; about $32. At Bloomingdale's. Schiaparelli wig, of Kanekalon. Suga coifs. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.

PENN





A NUMBER ONE FAN
Lyn Revson in the newest Norells

Lyn, Mrs. Charles Revson, a petite brunette with spectacular eyes and a ditto figure, has been a Norman Norell fan since she bought her first one at age eighteen. Since then, the Revson N. N. collection has grown to "about fifty things that I wear constantly—and about one hundred more that are put away—for the moment." The fact that Mrs. Revson has never discarded a single Norell—just keeps rotating them in and out of her current life—says a lot about a Norell. It means they are clothes that work for a modern woman who demands and needs a lot of things simultaneously from her wardrobe—glamour, beautiful color, newness of line, superb fabrics; but also timelessness, classic simple shapes and a comfortable practicality that can take her around a fast-moving life. Say, after three weeks at sea on the Revson yacht, the Ultima II, the Revsons, on a moment's notice, drop in for a gala dinner in Monte Carlo. Lyn is sensational in sizzling sequins. It seems that a Norell sequin dress folds flat as a sweater on a shelf. Here, three of the great new Norell looks that combine everything he stands for—all the elements that make for true luxury: glamour, elegance, longevity, and practicality....



Above and right, Lyn Revson in her newest Norell sequin "sweater"—a slither of rosy-pink pailettes twinkling, glittering, throwing off the most beautiful blooming dazzle....
Dress at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.

AVEDON



Lyn Revson in the newest Norells

"I suppose some women wouldn't want to look this played down, but that's what I like." Lyn Revson, left, wears from the current Norell collection this little midnight-blue wool dinner dress to the ankle, buttoned with pearls, with a small pristine white collar above the red satin bow. "It's the details of Norman's clothes that are so luxurious, so worth it. Did you know he has these Peter Pan collars made in Paris just for him?" Mrs. Revson plans to wear it for dinner parties anywhere in the world—"it's nice when everyone else is in bare dresses." ...Right, Lyn Revson in the ultimate of sweater dressing—a cardigan and sleeveless pull of greige jersey teamed with black chiffon pants solidly pavé with bugle beads—which means they move against the body like a gentle breeze. "At the time I thought perhaps it was extravagant to get the pants, but I found I could wear them every night—and everyone always asks about them. Sometimes I wear them with just a black cashmere sweater, too. They look great in Acapulco, on the boat, in New York, everywhere we go." With this, Lyn wears her Bulgari chain of jewels and Norell perfume—Mrs. Revson is a fan all the way.

Left: Dress at Martha; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. David Evins shoes. ...*Right:* Turnout at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Mrs. Revson's hair, combed by Monsieur Marc.

AVEDON



HERE, ON THE HOTEL'S SIXTH FLOOR, NABOKOV LIVES AND WRITES

VLADIMIR NABOKOV TALKS ABOUT HIS TRAVELS

Possibly the world's most inspired and observant traveler as well as its greatest living writer, Nabokov answers, on the next four pages, questions asked by Simona Morini, a contributing editor of Vogue. This rare interview took place in Switzerland at the Montreux-Palace hotel where Mr. Nabokov and his wife, Vera, live and where they were photographed by Oliviero Toscani.

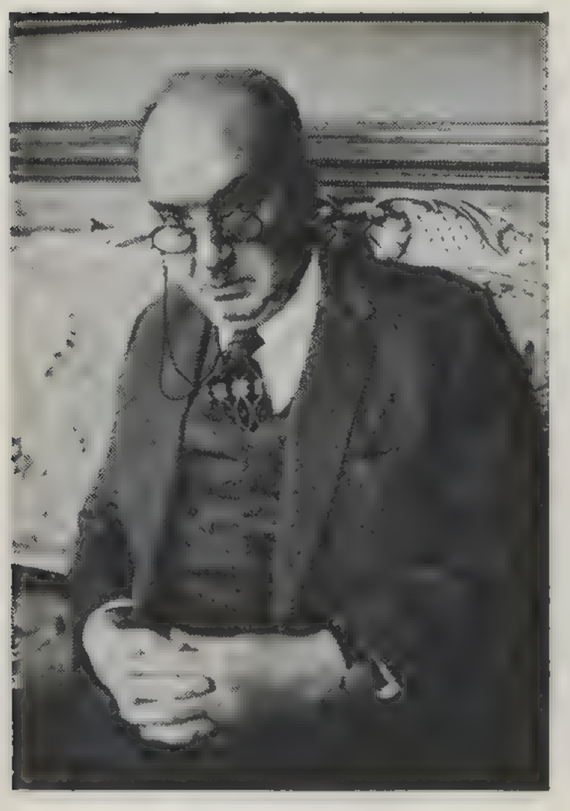
"My favorite method of locomotion ... is the cableway and especially the chairlift. I find it enchanting and dreamy in the best sense of the word to glide in the morning sun from valley to timberline in that magic seat ..."





NABOKOV





Q The world has been and is open to you. With your Proustian sense of places, what is there in Montreux that attracts you so?

A My sense of places is Nabokovian rather than Proustian. With regard to Montreux there are many attractions—nice people, near mountains, regular mails, headquarters at a comfortable hotel. We dwell in the older part of the Palace hotel, in its original part, really, which was all that existed a hundred and fifty years ago (you can still see that initial inn and our future windows in old prints of 1840 or so). Our quarters consist of several tiny rooms with two and a half bathrooms, the result of two apartments having been recently fused. The sequence is: kitchen, living-dining room, my wife's room, my room, a former kitchenette now full of my papers, and our son's room. The apartment is cluttered with books, folders, and files. What might be termed rather grandly a library is a back room housing my published works, and there are additional shelves in the attic whose skylight is much frequented by pigeons and alpine choughs. I am giving this meticulous description to refute a distortion in an interview published recently in another New York magazine—a long piece with embarrassing misquotations, wrong intonations, and false exchanges in the course of which I am made to dismiss the scholarship of a dear friend as "pedantry" and to poke ambiguous fun at a manly writer's tragic fate.

Q Is there any truth in the rumor that you are thinking of leaving Montreux forever?

A Well, there is a rumor that sooner or later *everybody* living now in Montreux will leave it forever.

Q *Lolita* is an extraordinary Baedeker of the United States. What was it that fascinated you about American motels?

A The fascination was purely utilitarian. My wife used to drive me (in a Plymouth, Oldsmobile, Buick, Buick Special, Impala—in that order of brand) during several seasons, many thousands of miles every season, for the sole purpose of collecting Lepidoptera—all of which are now in three museums (Natural History in New York City, Comparative Zoology at Harvard, Comstock Hall at Cornell). Usually we spent only a day or two in each motor court; but sometimes, if the hunting was good, we stayed for weeks in one place. The main *raison d'être* of the motel was the possibility of walking out straight into an aspen grove with lupines in full bloom or onto a wild mountainside. We also would make many sorties on the way between motels. All this I shall be describing in my next memoir, *Speak on, Memory,* which will deal with many curious things (apart from butterfly lore)—amusing happenings at Cornell and Harvard, gay tussles with publishers, my friendship with Edmund Wilson, et cetera.

Q You were in Wyoming and Colorado looking for butterflies. What were these places like to you?

A My wife and I have collected not only in Wyoming and Colorado but in most of the States as well as in Canada. The list of localities visited between 1940 and 1960 would cover many pages. Each butterfly, killed by an expert nip of its thorax, is slipped immediately into a little glazed envelope, about thirty of which fit into one of the Band-Aid containers which represent, with the net, my only paraphernalia in the field. Captures can be kept, before being relaxed and set, for any number of years in those envelopes, if properly stored. The exact locality and date are written on every envelope besides being jotted down in one's pocket diary. Though my captures are now in American museums, I have preserved hundreds of labels and notes. Here are just a few samples picked out at random:

Road to Terry Peak from route 85, near Lead, 6500-7000 feet, in the Black Hills of South Dakota, July 20, 1958.

Above Tomboy Road, between Social Tunnel and Bullion Mine, at about 10,500 feet, near Telluride, Colorado, July 3, 1951.

Near Karner, between Albany and Schenectady, New York, June 2, 1950.

Near Columbine Lodge, Estes Park, Colorado, about 9000 feet, June 5, 1947.

Soda Mountain, Oregon, about 5500 feet, August 2, 1953.

Above Portal, road to Rustler Park, between 5500 and 8000 feet, Chiricahua Mountains, Arizona, April 30, 1953.

Fernie, three miles east of Elco, British Columbia, July 10, 1958.

Granite Pass, Bighorn Mountains, 8950 feet, Wyoming, July 17, 1958.

Near Crawley Lake, Bishop, California, about 7000 feet, June 3, 1953.

Near Gatlinburg, Tennessee, April 21, 1959. Et cetera, et cetera.

Q Where do you go when you look for butterflies now?

A To various good spots in the Valais, the Tessin, the Grisons; to the hills of Italy; to the Mediterranean islands; to the mountains of southern France and so forth. I am chiefly devoted to European and North American butterflies of high altitudes and have never visited the Tropics.

The little mountain trains cogwheeling up to Alpine meadows, through sun and shade, along rock face or coniferous forest, are tolerable in action and delightful in destination, bringing one as they do to the starting point of a day-long hike. My favorite method of locomotion, though, is the cableway and es-



pecially the chair lift. I find it enchanting and dreamy in the best sense of the word to glide in the morning sun from valley to timberline in that magic seat and to watch from above my own shadow—with the ghost of a butterfly net in the ghost of a fist—as it keeps gently ascending in sitting profile along the flowery slope below, among dancing Ringlets and skimming Fritillaries. Some day the butterfly hunter will find even finer dreamlore when floating upright over mountains, carried by a diminutive rocket strapped to his back.

Q In the past, how did you usually travel when you were looking for butterflies? Did you go camping, for instance?

A As a youth of seventeen, on the eve of the Russian Revolution, I was seriously planning (being the independent possessor of an inherited fortune) a lepidopterological expedition to Central Asia and that would have involved naturally a good deal of camping. Earlier, when I was, say, eight or nine, I seldom roamed further than the fields and woods of our country estate near St. Petersburg. At twelve, when aiming at a particular spot half-a-dozen miles or more distant, I would use a bicycle to get there with my net fastened to the frame; but not many forest paths were passable on wheels. It was possible to ride there on horseback, of course; but, because of our ferocious Russian tabanids, one could not leave a horse haltered in a wood for any length of time. My spirited bay almost climbed up the tree it was tied to one day trying to elude them: big fellows with watered-silk eyes and tiger bodies, and grey little runts with an even more painful proboscis but much more sluggish: to dispatch two or three of these dingy tipplers with one crush of the gloved hand as they glued themselves to the neck of my mount afforded me a wonderful empathic relief (which a dipterist might not appreciate). Anyway, on my butterfly hunts I always preferred hiking to any other form of locomotion (except, naturally, a flying seat in a leisurely glide over the plant mats and rocks of an unexplored mountain or hovering just above the flowery roof of a rain forest); for when you walk, especially in a region you have studied well, there is an exquisite pleasure in departing from one's itinerary to visit, here and there by the wayside, this glade, that glen, this or that combination of soil and flora—to drop in, as it were, on a familiar butterfly in his particular habitat, in order to see if he has emerged, and if so, how he is doing.

Q What is your ideal of a splendid grand hotel?

A Absolute quiet, no radio playing behind the wall, none in the lift, no footsteps thudding above, no snores coming from below, no gondoliers carousing across the lane, no drunks in the corridor. I remember one awful little scene (and this was in a five-turret *palace* with the guidebook sign of a red songbird meaning luxury and isolation!). Upon hearing a commotion just outside the door of my bedroom, I poked out my head, while preparing my curse—which fizzled out when I saw what was happening in the passage. An American of the traveling-executive type was staggering about with a bottle of whiskey and his son, a boy of twelve or so, was trying to restrain him, repeating: "Please, Dad, please, come to bed," which reminded me of a similar situation in a Chekhov story.

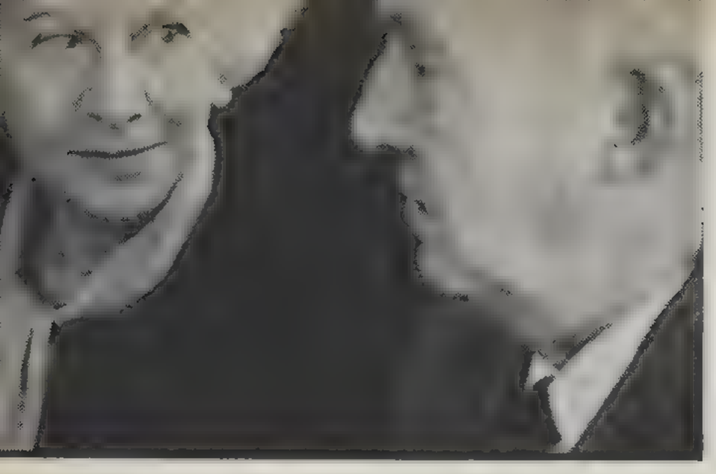
Q What do you think has changed over the last sixty years in the traveling style? You loved *wagons-lits*.

A Oh, I did. In the early years of this century, a travel agency on Nevski Avenue displayed a three-foot-long model of an oak-brown international sleeping car. In delicate verisimilitude it completely outranked the painted tin of my clockwork trains. Unfortunately it was not for sale. One could make out the blue upholstery inside, the embossed leather lining of the compartment walls, their polished panels, inset mirrors, tulip-shaped reading lamps, and other maddening details. Spacious windows alternated with narrower ones, single or geminate, and some of these were of frosted glass. In a few of the compartments, the beds had been made.

The then great and glamorous Nord Express (it was never the same after World War I when its elegant brown became a *nouveau-riche* blue), consisting solely of such international cars and running but twice a week, connected St. Petersburg with Paris. I would have said: directly with Paris, had passengers not been obliged to change from one train to a superficially similar one at the Russo-German frontier (Verzhbolovo-Eydtkuhnen), where the ample and lazy Russian sixty-and-a-half-inch gauge was replaced by the fifty-six-and-a-half-inch standard of Europe and coal succeeded birch logs.

In the far end of my mind I can unravel, I think, at least five such journeys to Paris, with the Riviera or Biarritz as their ultimate destination. In 1909, the year I now single out, our party consisted of eleven people and one dachshund. Wearing gloves and a traveling cap, my father sat reading a book in the compartment he shared with our tutor. My brother and I were separated from them by a washroom. My mother and her maid Natasha occupied a compartment adjacent to ours. Next came my two small sisters, their English governess, Miss Lavington (later governess of the Tsar's children), and a Russian nurse. The odd one of our party, my father's valet, Osip (whom a decade later the pedantic Bolsheviks were to shoot because he appropriated our bicycles instead of turning them over to the nation), had a stranger for companion (Féraudi, a well-known French actor).

Gone the panache of steam, gone the thunder and blaze, gone the romance of the railroad. The popular *train rouge* is merely a souped-up tram. (Continued on next page)



(Continued) As to the European sleeping cars, they are drab and vulgar now. The "single" I usually take is a stunted compartment with a corner table concealing inadequate toilet facilities (not unlike those in the farcical American "roomette" where to get at the necessary utensil one has to rise and shoulder one's bed like Lazarus). Still, for the person with a past, some faded charm remains clinging to those international sleepers which take you straight from Lausanne to Rome or from Sicily to the Piedmont. True, the dining-car theme is muted; sandwiches and wine are supplied by hawkers between stations; and your plastic breakfast is prepared by an overworked half-dressed conductor in his grubby cubicle next to the car's malodorous W.C.; yet my childhood moments of excitement and wonder are still brought back by the mystery of sighing stops in the middle of the night or by the first morning glimpse of rocks and sea.

American crack trains, with "drawing-room" compartments, in the 'forties and 'fifties (the time of my uninterrupted stay in the U.S.A.) were better than their European coevals and in some cases, despite an over-accentuation of stark steel, could vie with the old Nord Express and the extinct *train de luxe* of France. My train journeys across the U.S. were generally connected with lectures and literature, rather than Lepidoptera. I remember covering an especially large number of miles the year I traveled to California from Europe in order to work on my screenplay *Lolita* for Stanley Kubrick. My wife and I had spent the beginning of that year in Milan, San-Remo, and Mentone and on Thursday, February 18, 1960, left for Paris (two singles Mentone-Paris, beds 6 and 8, car 9, leaving 7:15 P.M., arriving 8:55 A.M., these and other informative items from my diary are mentioned not only for mnemonic comfort but because I have not the heart to leave them ignored and unused). The first lap of the long journey to Los Angeles began with a rather ominous gag: the damned sleeping car stopped before reaching the platform, amid the mimosas and cypresses in the aquarelle elegance of a Riviera evening; and my wife and I, and the almost demented porter, had to swarm up from ground level to board the train.

By next evening we were at Le Havre, on board the "United States." We had booked an upper-deck cabin (61) but were transferred at no extra cost, with a bonus of fruit and whiskey, to a charming suite (65) by courtesy of the charming management—one of the many treats an American writer is granted. On Saturday, February 27, after four busy days in New York, we left for Chicago (10 P.M., car 551, bedrooms *en suite* E-F, enjoyable jottings, naïve trivia of yore!) and next evening boarded the Superchief on which the next instalment of our bedrooms welcomed us with a twin burst of music, whereupon we scrambled frantically to stop, kill, stamp out, annihilate the heinous gadget and, not finding the switch, had to call for help (of course, the situation is incomparably worse on Soviet trains where you are strictly forbidden to turn off the *muzakovitch*).

Q What about the superplanes?

A I think their publicity department, when advertising the spaciousness of the seat rows, should stop picturing impossible children fidgeting between their imperturbed mother and a grey-templed stranger trying to read. Otherwise, those great machines are masterpieces of technology. I have never flown across the Atlantic, but I have had delightful hops with Swissair and Air France. They serve excellent liquor and the view at low elevations is heartbreakingly lovely.

Q What do you think about luggage. Do you think it has lost style?

A I think good luggage is always handsome and there is a lot of it around nowadays. Styles, of course, have changed. No longer with us is the kind of elephantine wardrobe trunk, a specimen of which appears in the visually pleasant but otherwise absurd cinema version of Thomas Mann's mediocre, but anyway plausible, *Death in Venice.* I still treasure an elegant, elegantly scuffed piece of luggage once owned by my mother. Its travels through space are finished, but it still hums gently through time, for I use it to keep old family letters and such curious documents as my birth certificate. I am a couple of years younger than this antique valise, fifty centimeters long by thirty-six broad and sixteen high, technically a heavyish *nécessaire de voyage* of pigskin, with "H.N." elaborately interwoven in thick silver under a similar coronet, which had been bought in 1897 for my mother's wedding trip to Florence. In 1917 it transported from St. Petersburg to the Crimea and then to London a handful of jewels. Around 1930, it lost to a pawnbroker its expensive receptacles of crystal and silver leaving empty the cunningly contrived leathern holders on the inside of the lid. But that loss has been amply recouped during the thirty years it then traveled with me—from Prague to Paris, from St. Nazaire to New York and through the mirrors of more than two hundred motel rooms and rented houses, in forty-six states. The fact that of our Russian heritage the hardiest survivor proved to be a traveling bag is both logical and emblematic.

Q What is a "perfect trip" for you?

A Any first walk in any new place—especially a place where no lepidopterist has been before me. There still exist unexplored mountains in Europe and I still can walk twenty kilometers a day. The ordinary stroller on sauntering out might feel a twinge of pleasure (cloudless morning, village still asleep, one side of the street already sunlit, should try to buy English papers on my way back, here's the turn, I believe, yes, footpath to Cataratta), but the feel of the metal netstick in my right hand magnifies the pleasure to almost intolerable bliss. ▼

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NABOKOV





1850 PRINT OF THE HOTEL



MR. AND MRS. VLADIMIR NABOKOV
IN THE "GREEN SALON"
WHERE THEY RECEIVE GUESTS
ON THE MAIN FLOOR
OF THE MONTREUX-PALACE

Insiders' tips: HOW



Drena by Bike

Drena Van Alen, left, photographed with a friend on the back of a B.M.W. 750, "the Rolls-Royce of motorcycles," is a tall blonde with green eyes and a private, extravagant laugh—a highly unlikely motorcycle queen. But last summer, she, a cousin, and a friend traveled over fifteen hundred miles by bike from Munich to Istanbul, visiting six countries in a little more than three weeks. Now living in Manhattan, Drena Van Alen was before her trip the development director for the San Francisco Ballet, and crazy for travel.

For her bike hike across Germany, Austria, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, and along the Bosporus to Istanbul, Drena Van Alen and her two friends made three runs beforehand to accustom themselves to riding a motorcycle. "We went out for a couple of hours at a time on a Honda, which was very exhausting. The Honda doesn't ride as smoothly as the B.M.W. 750 or handle as easily." Evel Knievel, the movie about the famous biker, fired their imagination. At a motorcycle showroom, the salesman told them about a motorcyclists' rally in Greenwich Village to see On Any Sunday, a documentary about biking. They and about a hundred and twenty-five other bikers converged on the theater—Drena's and her friends' first real taste of the wild-fire fascination of cycling.

Drena was determined to hold her own with her friends, so she practiced pitching, in Central Park, one of the tents they carried. Folded, the tent is the size of a school notebook, has poles that screw into one another. "I found what I thought was a fairly secluded spot and began to assemble the tent. Strollers tried to look as if they weren't interested, but, by the time I got it up, a crowd had gathered and began to applaud wildly."

"Riding a bike gets you into the landscape. You feel alive. You can respond directly. We wanted to get closer to nature. We wanted to smell the grass and the pine trees, to feel the air on our faces. But, most of all, we wanted to be close to the people, to see everything from a different point of view."

For this trip, Drena did not drive. Now, she is learning to handle a bike. "I think it was easy for me, because I'd already learned a sense of balance from riding horses. I'd learned to take the road as it comes.

"You have no idea how dirty you get riding a bike. The constant wind forces dirt into your pores. I didn't get wind- or sunburned because I used creams. But I did have to wash my hair every night. At night, I'd massage cream into my skin to ease the fatigue. Just ordinary Albolene."

Here are excerpts from Drena's travel diary —the high spots of the trip:

August 1, Munich: Stayed at Bayerischer Hof; great food at Humplmayr's. Bought B.M.W.'s at factory discount, delivered by white-coated attendants. Bikes fitted with saddlebags, stretch ropes, waterproof map cases.

From Munich to Austria: We set off on a bright sunny day through a pine forest. When we stopped, we were lost in the crisp smell of the air. I had never felt more alive—my senses were coming awake. We spent the night in Melk beside a vast baroque monastery looking down over the Danube.

Schloss Fuschl, Austria: We took the back roads to this old hunting castle of kings, now a hotel. The owner came out to greet us. Told us that the liveried chauffeur was jealous because everyone was looking at our motorcycles and not at his custom-built Mercedes. Thank God for the whirlpool bath. Off to Salzburg Festival.

Podersdorf, Austria: Left Schloss Fuschl for Neusiedler See, a lake in Podersdorf. Packed with tourists, no vacancies in hotels. Pitched tent, pumped up air mattresses. Lake is salt water, no more than seven feet deep. Went to polka festival. Wind storm.

Budapest, Hungary: Stayed Hotel Gellért, purple rugs, white walls. Indoor swimming pool; thermal baths with pedicure, manicure, hairdresser, soapy massage, all for 20 cents; and outdoor pool with artificial waves. Gypsy music. Met "hairy Hungarian" at restaurant who said he was expert on space law. Very funny. Wish we had stayed here longer.

Train to Bucharest: Checked bikes on train. Stationmaster insisted on being bribed in American money.

Brasov, Rumania: Oldest Rumanian town. Stayed at Carpati Hotel.

Galati, Rumania: Hotel Galati. No boats to Danube delta.

Tulcea, Rumania: Delta Hotel, awful, never changed tablecloths. Took boat around Danube. Everywhere crowds to see motorcycles.

Bulgaria: Traveled along the coast to resort development Zlatni Pjasâci (Golden Sands), the hundred or so hotels all filled up.

Istanbul, Turkey: Went to bazaar on motorcycle. Tried to sell us jewels no better than the jewels on motorcycle belts. Bought leather jacket that fell apart. Istanbul like dream city with minarets and domes at sunrise. Cycled along Bosporus, went fishing. Suddenly, it's all over.

For her trip, Drena Van Alen had to travel very light. She packed: Velvet cotton jeans and drip-dry blouses (to be worn on the road or even at dinner); Levi shirt with "U.S.A." on the back; boots; gloves; rainsuit; cotton pants suit for evening; nonwrinkle dress; Knirps umbrella; pills for pain; tranquilizers; pills for dysentery; scented, moist towelettes. Her wampum: Cricket cigarette lighters, felt-tip pens.

About packing, Drena Van Alen said, "Everything worked. I had to buy shampoo once or twice. And I let the hotels wash and dry my clothes so I didn't have anything damp."

More travel tips on the next 4 pages

really

PEOPLE TRAVEL

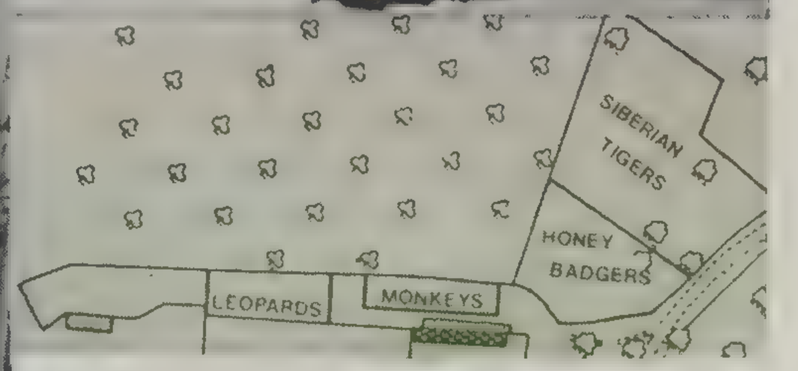
Insiders' tips

TRAVELING

STANDARD TIME DIFFERENCE

Ankara	8:00 PM
Apia (Western Samoa)	6:00 AM*
Bangkok	12:00 Mid
Beirut	8:00 PM
Bombay	10:30 PM
Cairo	7:00 PM
Calcutta	10:30 PM
Delhi	10:30 PM
Hong Kong	1:00 AM*
Istanbul	8:00 PM
Karachi	10:00 PM
Kuala Lumpur (Malaysia)	12:30 AM*
Leningrad	8:00 PM
Manila	1:00 AM*
Melbourne	3:00 AM*
Moscow	8:00 PM
Papeete (Tahiti)	7:00 AM







LADY SARAH COURAGE: "I pack everything, if there is too much overweight, I throw out a few things at the airport."

Lady Sarah Courage is no stranger to travel. With her late husband, racing driver Piers Courage, she flew all over the world following the Formula I Grand Prix circuit, often hitting a different country each weekend. Now, she is working with John Aspinal, studying and collecting wild animals of endangered species and bringing these back to England for Mr. Aspinal's private zoo at Howletts, near Canterbury, Kent. Last year, they went to India; this year, it's Ethiopia. Above, top: Sarah sets out—saying goodbye to Guati, the baby clouded leopard in her arms, and Bema the tiger. Her travel gear—velvet jeans, a wrap-around tartan jacket from Wallis Shop, big floppy hat, boots, nature-study binoculars slung over her shoulder. Above, map of a section of Howletts, which is open to the public on Sundays from June through September.

MME. HÉLÈNE ROCHAS: "A knapsack would be the ideal, but I haven't managed that yet." What she has worked out, with her usual precision, is a list of travel indispensables. These go along on her long, yearly, late-winter trip from Paris in search of "sun and culture." This is what's with her now in Bali, Bangkok, Formosa, Hong Kong, and Burma:

INDISPENSABLES

1. Shoe-cleaning kit
2. Nescafé
3. Baby pillow
4. Soap powder
5. Large aerosol cans of Évian water
6. Water softener
7. Manicure set
8. Sewing kit

JACK NISBERG

RIGHT, TRAVELING BRIGHT

BEAUTY CASE INDISPENSABLES

1. Carita moisturizing ampoules
2. Eau de Rose in plastic bottles
3. Embryolis cleansing cream in tubes
4. Carita sun oil
5. Carita shampoo
6. Alka-Seltzer
7. Adhesive strips
8. Mercurochrome
9. Aspirin
10. Lotion Pinaud for hair
11. Atomizer of eau de cologne

These are packed in leak-proof cases by Louis Vuitton. "All my luggage is Vuitton—the rigid kind. I take two suitcases, a duffel bag, and my vanity case, which I carry. . . . Almost everything I wear is cotton—cool, washable, and it doesn't wrinkle too much—Saint Laurent Sahariennes, Mexican dresses, pants and shirts, bathing suits from Choses, a couple of simple evening dresses. The haute couture and valuable jewelry don't go along on a trip of this kind."

LADY DIANA COOPER: "I do hope the food will be awful so I come back really willowy."

The dauntless, perennially beautiful lady with the Parma-violet eyes is "off to East Africa—knowing nothing and expecting everything. . . . I'm going to see the animals, of course, and I'm not scared of them, but terrified of flying, so my doctor has given me Valium pills. . . . Clothes are a problem—it's very hot during the day and very cold at night. I've decided to make do with what one's got—old trousers, loose-hanging tunic tops—then bed socks for the cold nights. . . . People always say one needs a rest after a long flight, but not me. Once it's over and my feet are on the earth again, I'm a new person . . . and want to get going immediately."

COUNTESS SUSANNA AGNELLI: On Berlin and Dresden

"The first thing that impressed me flying into Berlin was the cold quality of the sky: transparent, like colored glass. Then, incredibly, the landing in the middle of the town; houses all around you in the thick pungent smog, and the strangely depressing efficiency of the airport. . . . It is eerie outside; bustling streets and shops then, suddenly, it is an empty no-man's land and the roads take you nowhere—only to a wall.

"Then—you forget. . . . There are the museums. Stealing Nefertiti from Egypt was certainly the most worthwhile theft ever accomplished. Nefertiti is eternal, everything about her is eternal. She might be fifteen or thirty-five, happy or dying, dumb or intelligent. She floats, forever. The arching of her neck, the curve of her lips, the way her hair is borne—these have no age, no country, no end.

"When you cross into East Berlin, a big poster reminds you—'Ten years—sixty-five dead'—you should not try to escape. Façades of the modern buildings are enlivened by many brightly-colored balconies or by windows that give the impression of a toyland: superficially gay. The tourist bureau is immense and empty. The girls behind the counters have corn-yellow hair—dyed. They give me vouchers for a hotel in Dresden with a sad, intense smile.

"In Dresden, the Hotel Newa is modern, clean, efficient. The service, surprisingly, is immediate—even for breakfast in your room. Here, a Bloody Mary is a Wild Cossack. My window looks onto a vast empty square where no traffic is allowed—like a desolate World's Fair, with almost nobody to enjoy it.

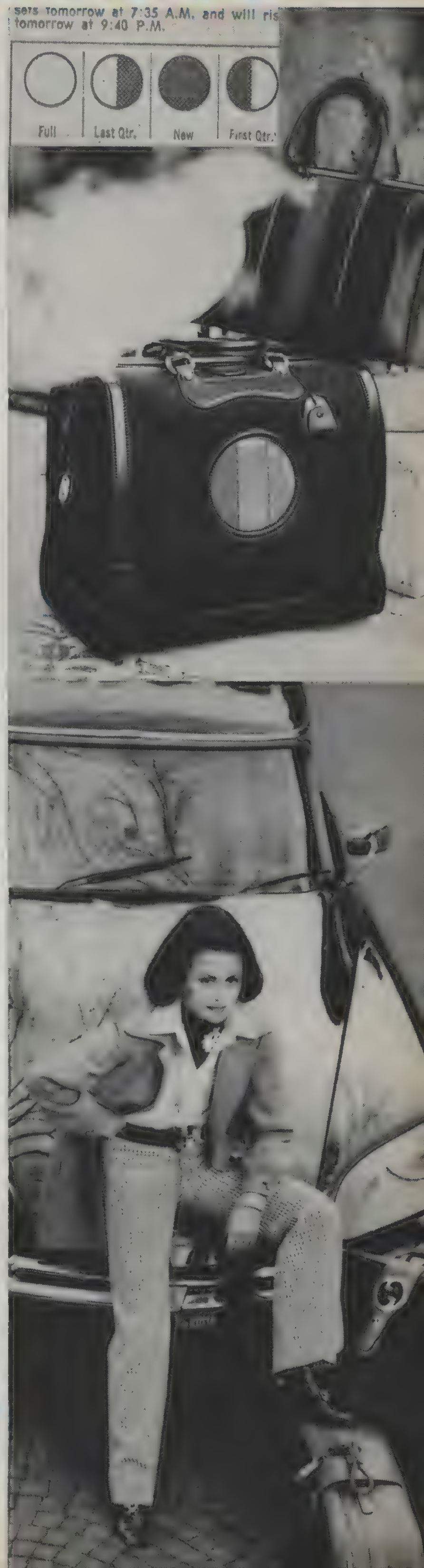
"The Dürer show is perfect. Guarded by old ladies in military coats over gaudy, multicolored sweaters, the galleries and museums are rich with the pictures you have dreamed all your life of seeing. When I lift my eyes from Titian's Christ to the window, the ruins of palaces stare at me in the grey drizzle, with crumbling walls that were bombed more than twenty-five years ago. . . . The ruin of one church, in which so many were killed, has been left exactly as it fell. The dead are under the rubble, as a reminder to those who go by."

PRINCESS IRENE GALITZINE: "Travel opens your mind as no school can."

The Princess is a bright, amusing, and indefatigable world traveler in the grand manner . . . masses of luggage (all of it from Gucci, as she associates the G with Galitzine) and all of it scrupulously organized. "Irene isn't one of those women who are lost without a maid—she knows just where she packed every last stocking," says a friend. She packs, perhaps, a separate suitcase with bikinis and her famous palazzo pyjamas for a side trip to Nassau when visiting New York in winter, a separate suitcase for a wardrobe of wigs. . . . The Princess is lyrical about some of the places she has traveled: "New York is as dangerous as a glass of champagne; Paris is a moment of melancholy, forever repeating itself; London is an ever-continuing physical and esthetic metamorphosis; Cambodia, a constant dream with a sense of the progression of centuries unique in the world." . . . This summer, the Princess will be following the sun across the United States from New York to California. . . . Just now, she's spending a good deal of time in the Italian sunshine before setting off. "In the sun, I feel still young. It gives me a feeling of enthusiasm." With this love, the emblem of her collection is—what else?—the sunflower. Right, Princess Irene Galitzine in a snappy getaway turnout from her new collection: blue-and-white checked wool pants, blue jacket, and very light white wool shirt with sunflower yellow sleeves. Like any passionate traveler, she is keen on the right luggage. . . . Right, two brown suède suitcases with gold-plated brass double-G closing. . . . Above, GG jacquard canvas traveling sacks, large and small, with black leather binding, zip closure. The big one has a red-and-green leather-disc motif; the smaller, red-and-green webbing stripes. Everything shown here, by Gucci.

LA DUCHESSE D'UZÈS: Swears

by Lubin scented flannels—lines her Vuitton suitcases with them en route, lines dresser drawers upon arrival at a hotel. . . .



PASCUITTINI

insiders' tips

HOW AND



Weather Reports

Abroad

	Loc. Time	Temp.	Cond.		Loc. Time	Temp.	Cond.
Aberdeen	Noon	41	Rain	Geneva	1 P.M.	41	
Amsterdam	1 P.M.	41	Cloudy	Hong Kong	8 P.M.	63	
Ankara	3 P.M.	46	Pt. cldy.	Lima	7 A.M.	72	
Athens	2 P.M.	59	Cloudy	Lisbon	Noon	54	
Birmingham	Noon	39	Drizzle	London	Noon	41	
Brussels	1 P.M.	45	Cloudy	Madrid	1 P.M.	54	
Buenos Aires	8 A.M.	68	Rain	Malta	1 P.M.	57	
Cairo	2 P.M.	68	Pt. cldy.	Manila	8 P.M.	73	
Copenhagen	1 P.M.	37	Cloudy	Montevideo	9 A.M.	66	
Dublin	Noon	46	Pt. cldy.	Moscow	3 P.M.	28	
				New Delhi	5 P.M.	70	

CATHERINE SPAAK: "Take a big bag, you never know..."

The blond moviestar (next in Tough Guy) packs up and leaves Rome once a year for a long, slow swing through France, England, and the United States to see friends, all the new plays, films, and musicals, hear what's going on in music. . . . "I pack with soft suitcases, by Fendi, and always two—even for a short trip—because I bring more clothes than I think I'll need; but, on the other hand, you never know. Then, too, there is room to pack what you buy as you go." What goes into her bags on her shopping tours? "In America, clothes for my children. So practical and pretty—just what children should wear; and things for the house—sheets, towels, tablecloths." She always travels in easy pants turnouts such as the one above, by Galitzine—navy wool topper, white pants and gilet, yellow silk shirt.

MRS. KENNETH TYNAN: "Never take 'spinach reading' when you travel. . ."

For fun or business, Kathleen Tynan takes three or four long trips a year. Just recently, this witty, attractive, inveterate traveler was off to Egypt—leaving us with these gleanings: "Forget about overweight, but learn how to cheat. The best way is to travel with a companion who checks in while you stand behind a pillar with all the heavy hand luggage. In order to reduce the number of choices I am forced to make, I always travel with the same size suitcase for a weekend, or for a trip lasting a month. Along with the suitcase, always a shoe bag and a makeup case. Into the makeup case I throw any unwieldy shapes and heavy bottles—I never bother transferring the lotions into plastic bottles—and the book I want to read on the journey. As for books, never take what I call 'spinach reading'—the book that's been sitting by your bedside for more than a month, the book you feel you ought to read. You won't. . . . At eight, I was a meticulous traveler—tissue paper, everything packed twenty-four hours in advance, and nothing forgotten. Now I am convinced it's better to forget the sunburn cream or the antacid tablets rather than waste all that time making lists and 'preparing.'"

DIANA GUTHRIE, ISOBEL DE CREMPIEN: A survival kit.

These intrepid Englishwomen in the great tradition of the Victorian Romantics have explored far-flung, exotic countries when they really were. Having been twice to Nepal, Afghanistan, Burma, and Russia, among others, they are headed now for the Seychelles Islands. Over the years, they have perfected a survival kit for anywhere, any crisis. It goes into a carry-on Vuitton satchel. Contents: bathtub plug, multiple plug set, extension cord, plungers for heating water, metal water jug, electric hot pad for damp beds, plastic bottles, water purifier pills, tea bags, tiny pepper mill and peppercorns for dull food, Scotch tape, tube of washing soap, 2 Japanese paper fans, ear plugs, eye mask, dextrose, extra labels, string, rubber bands, paper clips ("Trying to get these from a concierge is like wringing blood from a stone"), bed socks, face cloths, Papier d'Arménie—a book of scented papers like lens wipers, burn one in "smelly places" and you can breathe again, tranquilizers, aspirin, disinfectant, elastic bandage, Band-Aids, baby pillows, thin cashmere throw, playing cards, embroidery.



MRS. DAVID M. WINTON: "Canoeing is a one-level spending trip."

"Everyone seems to go about it in the same way—at least on the Voyageur Trails (along the Can-Am border—don't trip over the bronze border markers on portages) where we canoe. First, you send $2 to the Minnesota Dept. of Conservation, Div. of Parks and Recreation, 320 Centennial Building, St. Paul, Minn. 55101, for the pamphlet Minnesota Voyageur Trails. The routes are clearly marked and I know of no one who has ever used a guide. When we go, we slap one canoe up on the car, rent another plus any other equipment at a resort-outfitter (of which there are many). They can handle all your provisions—freeze-dried food (Beef Stroganoff is actually good!), waterproof maps—even plan menus and advise on campsites which sometimes have brick cooking ovens. Gun Flint Lodge on Gun Flint Lake on the Gun Flint Trail is very helpful. What sort of things do you need? Check L. L. Bean's catalogue and don't forget an air mattress for under sleeping bags, a hat, and Cutter's mosquito lotion. And you might try, as the Voyageurs of the past did, rhythm paddling to your own song. The Voyageurs apparently developed such conceit about this that they held singing auditions for would-be Voyageurs in making up a party."

JOSÉ LUÍS DE VILALLONGA: A cigar and a suitcase for every climate. . . .

Before setting off for a trip to New York where it was cold and Mexico where it was hot, the writer and actor, below, requested from the famous Geneva tobac-

WHERE THEY'RE GOING

conist Davidoff a supply of the correct cigars for each climate. Then, below left, one suitcase (rigid leather ones from Selleries de France with a zipper around the top) was packed with cold-weather things, another with warm-weather wear. He also takes a duffel bag for shoes, shaving kit, and, naturally, leather humidors for those cigars. . . . He wears, below, suède trousers and tweeds for traveling, and believes a man is set for an indefinite stay anywhere with two grey flannel suits, a navy suit, and a dinner jacket—and hanging plastic bags for them all, to stay unwrinkled.

DIANE SAWYER: On that trip to China.

Diane is the bright blond beauty who happens to be assistant to Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler. She tells us what it was like for her on the year's most momentous trip: "Of course, we had lots of time to think about it, which made preparing easier. But the main thing—always: you've got to be meticulous about not ruling out any item you use during the course of an ordinary day—a washcloth, for instance. I think they must be peculiar to the West. And Kleenex. If there's one thing I wished I'd taken more of, it's another three boxes of Kleenex. Everybody else talked about having a hamburger the minute you get back. Not me—Kleenex!

We were limited to one bag. Mine is an average large-ish Ventura. In it—4 skirts, 4 sweaters, 4 dresses, 2 pants, 1 blazer, 4 pairs of shoes including boots, lingerie and robes. This includes evening things—nothing very fancy; the Chinese don't dress up much. I took a simple scoop-neck Gernreich patterned jersey, a Chanel-ish knee-length dress with a jacket in red-and-white wool; and I had a white skirt and some colored sweaters that I used for evening, too, with a gold belt. Actually I could have taken half as much of everything and been fine. But I had all that space, and I like the idea of a variety of clothes. It was good for my psyche to have a change of looks. . . . On the plane, I wore a comfortable skirt, shirt and blazer. A lot of the girls changed to pants, but for me skirts have more mobility. . . . I wear very little makeup, period. On a plane even less. No foundation, and the least possible mascara. I carried the following, and arrived looking more like one of the Chinese beasts of burden than a member of the press corps—1 long warm coat, 1 heavy scarf and gloves, 1 purse, 2 briefcases, 1 camera, and my 'without-which-I-cannot-function' bag. It's a medium-size cosmetics case which I always keep packed and ready to go. In it, a change of underwear and stockings, a hairdryer, and three other bags: a 'miscellaneous crisis' bag with pins, needles, thread, buttons, and Scotch tape; a 'Ron Ziegler Necessary items' bag—the pens he likes, address and reference books, extra cigarettes; and my cosmetics bag. It has everything I use every day, but in the smallest plastic bottles—Kenneth foundation, liner, mascara, blusher, eyebrow brush, extra lipstick, small bottle of Lazlo moisturizer, hand lotion, shampoo, toothpaste, and mouthwash. . . . How one slept on the plane was not at all. I despise sleeping in vehicles anyway, and when you wake up in a pressurized plane, it's such an awful feeling, so I never sleep . . . this time, especially, the excitement and anticipation had us so buoyed up, it kept us going through the last banquet (coming home, of course . . . foomph). I did some writing . . . read some preparatory literature and Chinese phrase books, and picked up a few phrases. But when you're traveling with eighty-seven of the most interesting journalists and correspondents in the world, what you do most of the time is walk up and down the aisles and talk . . . and talk. . . ."

Once in China, Diane was surprised by the skilled concern with the needs of the Western visitors. "In Hangchow, the hotel hairdresser did my hair extremely well. There's a wonderful massage that apparently comes with the shampoo—a really careful massaging of the scalp for about forty minutes. And you can go at almost any hour. One of the girls went at one in the morning. They used various things on my hair that I don't think I've had before, the labels were in Chinese and I didn't ask about them. I did notice, though, a kind of Quinine preparation—English label—that they put on the top of my head, just before setting. Usual roller set, and your hair is very well brushed afterwards. . . . Just as an example of Chinese hospitality and graciousness, the hotel provided us with face cream, hand cream, shampoo, toothbrush, toothpaste—a complete toilette. The men were given after-shave and cologne. The name on the label was Budlet, all manufactured by the People's Republic. Good stuff, very refreshing. The toothpaste, I loved—not heavy or sweet; I'm still using it. The perfume . . . if I had to compare it with one we know, I guess 4711; it has that kind of tang. I also have a foundation cream—a gift from the hotel in Shanghai. I think it's interesting, as Chinese women use no makeup, to find that degree of concern with our needs."

MAGGIE KESWICK: Off to China, again.

Maggie Keswick is a girl of great energy, which she employs in learning (studying architecture in London) and traveling (just now, she's on her third trip to China to study the effects of the Cultural Revolution on modern Chinese architecture). She has a rare knowledge of the East, having been born and brought up in Hong Kong, living with Japanese friends on one of her seven trips to Japan, and having visited China twice before. On one of her trips, Maggie went by train via Moscow. On another, she took the train from Canton to Peking—the most beautiful journey she has ever done, she says, and one she hopes to repeat this visit. Here, at the railway station, dressed for her journey to Peking, right, she wears a long wool skirt, turtleneck sweater, short fake-fur jacket. She travels as light as possible—one medium-size suitcase and a small fake-fur bag with reading matter, paper and pens, and the tape recorder, cameras, and typewriter, which are essentials for a traveling student.



PATRICK LICHFIELD

PEOPLE ARE *talking* ABOUT

The extraordinary nit-picking by the announced Presidential candidates, afraid to tackle the larger issues or paralyzed by political smog. . . . Pictures at an Exhibition, that old war-horse of program music jolted alive by Keith Emerson, on his pipe organ and Moog synthesizer, with his new hard-rock group. . . . The exhibition of the thirty-three paintings by Clyfford Still in the collection of the Albright-Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo, New York; stirring, fierce paintings by one of the last masters of Abstract Expressionism. . . . The extraordinary three-and-one-half-hour concert honoring Sir Rudolf Bing on his retirement from the Metropolitan Opera, and the one-hour film of it to be shown on CBS television on April 30. . . . "Dining Out," an exhibition at The New York Public Library about cookery, starting with Roman cheese pie, the recipe from Petronius's Satyricon.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The American writer, active in Women's Lib, who went to a leading psychiatric clinic outside Boston for advice on a problem. The psychiatrist began by telling her that her interest in Women's Lib was only to dominate men. She laughed. The doctor: "You're laughing only to hide something." A pause. The doctor, looking at her closely clipped nails, "I see you bite your nails." She swore at him. Doctor: "You're only angry because I haven't climbed over the desk and taken you violently."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Francis Albert Sinatra, languorous, sexy, almost new, singing "All or Nothing at All" on *Big Bands*, recorded in the 'forties, one of the best of the albums bringing back that sound.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Delphine Seyrig, the superb French actress with the silky sinister voice, and Richard Benjamin, in The Little Black Book, a Paris hit now coming to Broadway, a comedy about sexual Russian roulette. . . . The film One Is a Lonely Number with finely wrinkled performances by Janet Leigh, Trish Van Devere.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . "Views of the Tōkaidō," highly atmospheric paintings of the famous road from Edo (Tokyo) to Kyoto by Hiroshige, Hokusai, and other nineteenth-century artists, at The Art Institute of Chicago. . . . The fad for mega-vitamins that necessitates involved tests to determine which vitamins work for each individual. . . . Claude Chabrol's stunning new mystery movie, Ten Days' Wonder, based on the Ellery Queen novel, crammed with murder, blackmail, and Orson Welles.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *The Roots of Civilization*, an amazing and complex piece of archeological detective work by Alexander Marshack, who has found evidence in the intricate incisions made on bones by Mesolithic man that the human understanding of astronomical principles goes back almost 35,000 years. . . . Peter O'Toole, cynical and funny as a looney who takes over, in the film of the London comedy hit *The Ruling Class*.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Barbara Rose's splendid book about the American painter Helen Frankenthaler, whose work reaches back and forward with great command, floating shapes of mysterious color. . . . Cat Stevens singing "Father and Son," hoarse, undermining, to the core.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The amazing exhibition of British painting at the Petit Palais in Paris, a strong challenge from the English Romantics and Pre-Raphaelites to the supremacy of nineteenth-century French art, with J. M. W. Turner, blurring colors and light, delivering the wallop long before the Impressionists.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Albert Finney and Rachel Roberts in Alpha Beta, the London play about a married couple so locked in hate they are inextricable, married more to marriage than to one another. . . . The extraordinary Hamburg production of Leos Janácek's last opera, From the House of the Dead, completed in 1928 from Dostoevsky's novel about the Czarist Russian prison camps, only now recognized as one of the masterpieces of twentieth-century music. On the first page of his score, Janácek wrote, "In every person, a spark of God."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Robert M. Henderson's book *D. W. Griffith, His Life and Works*, surprisingly short on what produced Griffith's extraordinary portraits of women. Allan Dwan, another major director of the Silents, said of Griffith: "In spite of everything, he was always strangely alone."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *The Doll*, a book of photographs by H. Landshoff, a strange gallery of tiny faces from the nakedly primitive to the primly Victorian. . . . Hans Werner Henze, the radical German composer, in one of his latest experiments, getting the orchestra to fight sonorously.

Virgil Thomson
the reigning genius of American music

Virgil Thomson, *right* (stretched out here on his hundred-year-old carved-walnut bed in his apartment-studio in New York's Chelsea Hotel)—the composer-conductor-critic who grew up in Missouri but studied music in France—has, at seventy-five, a genial, often maddeningly brilliant way of remaining his own man. His criticism of contemporary composers is perhaps better known than his music. Now, his opera *Lord Byron* (with a libretto by the West Coast poet Jack Larsen, directed by John Houseman, with Gerhard Samuel as conductor and Alvin Ailey as choreographer) will have its world premiere on April 20 at The Juilliard School in New York. *Lord Byron*, many music critics feel, will establish Thomson as the greatest composer of opera in English; the music, particularly the remarkably beautiful arias, is a soaring tribute to the Romantic tradition with George Gordon, Lord Byron, the English poet—pilloried by English priggery because of his sexual excesses and his uneasy quest for personal freedom—an emblem for the tortures of modern man. "*Byron*," Virgil Thomson said, "is the summation of my work. It's my statement about life and music—but not the last one."

DUANE MICHALS



The many moods of **Marisa** BERENSON

bewigged, bewitching, a different dazzle
every night—star-struck, these 8 pages,
in the best new evening looks in town





With her beau, Baron David de Rothschild, Marisa Berenson au naturel, *above*....Marisa Movie-star, *left*, in the lips of luxury—an abandon of siren-red hair and one of the most glamorous chiffons any woman could wear: bare navy halter, layers of red wrapped and tied like a dhoti.

By Ferdinando Sarmi, of silk (Stern & Stern Textiles). About $355. Jo Hughes Boutique at Bergdorf Goodman; Jacobson's, Michigan; Stanley Korshak; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. These pages: makeup by Pablo of Elizabeth Arden; Ara Gallant coifs; Dynel wigs by Marco Bergmann. Sofa of Italian polyurethane foam (Bocca #27), imported by Stendig. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.

AVEDON

Marisa Berenson

She is American, Marisa Berenson, one of the memorable faces of Cabaret and one of the international breed of young women that defies instant definition. Her mid-Atlantic accent betrays schooling in Switzerland, England, and Italy—her zest is American, her savvy European, her beauty known to the world. She is Someone, as the French say—elle est quelqu'une. She walks into a room, tall, supple, as yielding as a willow branch.

"To yield is to be made strong," wrote the Chinese philosopher Lao-tze, and Marisa Berenson speaks the body language of someone so young, so beautiful, so generous and reactive that, through her own vulnerability, she has learned strength.

Born an Aquarian, Marisa changes outrageously—moods, clothes, ideas. "I'm so many different people in me I must express them all. I have incredible opposites. I'm always changing, out of fantasy, out of boredom. In the film Death in Venice, for instance, I played the wife of Dirk Bogarde, a very Victorian lady. In Cabaret I am Natalia Landauer, a rich German Jewess. Wearing the wigs on these pages was exciting. I felt like another person. That white wig. Those black eyes. Fantastic. And then the red wig . . . the whole feeling of change is great.

"I'd like to work again with Luchino Visconti (who directed Death in Venice) and Bob Fosse (who directed Cabaret). I can do films in most any language—in Europe or in America. No matter what happens I want (Continued)

Marisa—this time with chestnut hair fluffed out, and a flirt of bangs blown across the brow—*right,* in gauzy chiffon with an India print of earth colors, wrapped around like a robe and plunged to the waist. . . . Bare shoulders, bare midriff, *opposite:* a blur of chiffon flowers in tea-rose pink and yellow, with yards of skirt flounced at the hem and a little bandeau held by a ruffled flower.

Right: By Sandy Cole, of silk. About $90. At Bonwit Teller. . . . *Opposite:* By Larry Aldrich, Onondaga silk. About $200. At Bonwit Teller; J. P. Allen; The Union; Famous-Barr; Sakowitz. Wig coiffed by Ara Gallant. Accessories, next to last page this issue.

In a transparent mood . . . the two prettiest chiffon prints for evening

AVEDON





Marisa Berenson

(Continued) to go on working. I don't like people who do nothing, who have no enthusiasm. I hate aggressiveness and hostility.

"I love a lot of things . . . the country and animals and dancing. I love beautiful objects and Art Nouveau things and white . . . ivory and pearls and gardenias—they're white and smell so good . . . small orchids and dried potpourri. Oh, I love a lot of things.

"I love love. Love is David [David de Rothschild]. He's changed me. I've stopped wearing those shocking colors—reds, purples, pinks—and going around half-naked. David won't stand for that. Now I'm less daring. I wear whites and beiges, soft, tender colors. We go to movies and the theater and have small dinners with a few friends. I need his togetherness. He needs my craziness. We're total opposites. David is conservative, stable. I'm full of fantasy, impulsive. We complete each other.

"One of these days, I'm going to have a big country place with masses of different animals. Not tomorrow, but everything happens at the right time. I can't live without dogs. I take Kissy everywhere . . . he drags along like an old mop. A Chinese mop. He's a Shih Tzu, a birthday present from David and my sister, Berry.

"I love living in Paris. I love New York, too; but I can get anywhere from Paris. I love (Continued)

Platinum hair. Deep-pool eyes rimmed in black—"Fantastic," said Marisa, "I wish I looked like this all the time." . . . For slightly less daring types, a dress like this has enough excitement on its own, *right:* navy matte jersey with all the cling and softness you expect. And bareness where you don't expect it—deeply cut under the arms to reveal a glimpse of skin when you move, which couldn't be more alluring.

Donald Brooks dress (Jasco Fabrics rayon). About $260. At Saks Fifth Avenue, Dayton's; Swanson's; May D&F. The wig—with long bangs, pouffed at the sides and held with Marisa's own sparklers—arranged by Ara Gallant. The Big Star makeup: a Pablo spectacular. The curved "Amoeba" chair from Turner, Ltd., New York, New York.

In a platinum mood . . . the most seductive jersey dress

Marisa Berenson

(Continued) moving around, travel to strange places. Three years ago I went to India and spent ten days at the ashram of the guru Maharishi Mahesh when the Beatles were there. I still do transcendental meditation. Twenty minutes every morning and night on my bed with my legs crossed in the lotus position. I'm not really practical, especially when I travel, but I try to get everything into two or three bags.

"I've had such a moving-around life. I was brought up everywhere. In Paris, school in Switzerland, five years in England, two years in Florence. My father was an American diplomat and sister Berry and I spent holidays with him in Belgrade, in Tripoli, wherever he was posted. An international education teaches you so much at a young age, about people, about languages. At thirteen I was much more advanced than most girls of my age. I hated boarding school, but I realize it gave me a dimension that I appreciate now. I speak French, English, Italian, and German less well. My distant great-uncle was the art critic and scholar Bernard Berenson; and my grandmother is Italian, she's the Paris designer Elsa Schiaparelli. I live in her Paris house, but I'm looking for a new apartment. Private life, for me, is important."

Intense, smouldering—isn't it fascinating how a change of hair and makeup can change a girl's look, mood . . . everything? . . . Marisa, here—the-girl-who-never-lived-next-door—in two kinds of bareness, both navy, both sensational. *Right*, a bias of navy georgette pleats with a halter that wraps in back, ties in front. Worn with David Webb's gleaming black enamel rings studded with diamonds, cuffs with coral. . . . Navy silk crêpe pyjamas with the feeling of a dress, *far right*: full, full legs, the barest top—nothing more than a handkerchief knotted over the bosom. Van Cleef & Arpels jewels—links of onyx shined with diamonds.

Right: By Bill Blass; Kabat silk. About $395. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle's-Cleveland; Dayton's; Battelstein's. . . . *Far right*: By Pauline Trigère (matching cardigan, not shown). Bergdorf Goodman; Halle's-Cleveland; Montaldo's; Swanson's; Bullock's Wilshire. Wig coiffed by Ara Gallant. Makeup by Pablo. "Amoeba" chair: Turner, Ltd., New York, N.Y. Accessories, next to last page this issue.

AVEDON

In a daring, baring mood . . . waves of platinum and the two sexiest dresses of the year



How to solve your unsolvable hair problems

suppose

. . . you're in a situation where it's all over for your hair, and you've got to be instantly gorgeous. The solution, ladies, is—*a wig*. Perhaps you already know what beauty and morale miracles a wig can perform—perhaps you've never tried. But maybe, if you haven't, you *will* when you see what they can do. Read on here to find out what wigs are all about. . . .

YOUR JET HAS BEEN HIJACKED FOR EIGHT DAYS IN THE DESERT AND YOU WANT TO LOOK DIVINE FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHERS AS YOU STEP OFF YOUR RESCUE PLANE. . . .

You've just flown into Paris from Peking and must be at the delegation's dinner tonight. It's Monday and, as usual, all the hairdresser's salons are closed. . . .

THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF WIGS—those made of human hair and those made of synthetic fibers. A wig made of human hair can be matched exactly to your own in texture, quality, weight, coloring, streaks, and all. They are expensive, usually $100 to $600 and higher. They can be ordered custom-made through your hairdresser or a reputable salon.

Synthetic wigs are made of a man-made modified acrylic fiber and they can do everything your hair can do—and more. And better. They look and feel marvelously like real hair. They wear like iron, can be knocked about, stuffed in your handbag, handled casually, and not lose their shape or curl. You can be caught in the elements—rain, snow, sun, the sea—and emerge unscathed. They can be washed out at home as easily as your pantie stockings and, when dry, spring back into their original shape. They come in hundreds of color variations and a wide variety of lengths and styles. They are relatively inexpensive—ranging from $25 to $75, depending on length and style. They are available all over the country in thousands of department stores, hairdresser salons, and wig boutiques. In other words, they're sensational. You'll find that most synthetic wigs are labeled as being made of either Dynel, Kanekalon, or Elura. They all have the curl baked in to stay, but unless it's a mass of Shirley Temple ringlets, brushing will soften the curls. You may change the look of the wig a bit by cutting or re-shaping but the general line of the curl will always remain the same. (Only Elura wigs—read the direction tag—can be styled with heated curlers, and are frizz-proof if you peek in the oven to check the soufflé.) When you shampoo any of these fiber wigs, the original curl bounces right back.

WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR WHEN YOU GO TO GET A WIG: HERE ARE THE ABC's. . . .

A. The first thing is color. Perhaps you want to match your own hair. Or you want something a smidge lighter in tone (which can be flattering, especially to an older woman). Or something completely off your day-to-day kilter, just for fun. Chances are you'll get close to what you want, as the variety of colors is wide—even for streaked hair. The only fallout—the range of reds. There are red wigs around of course, but not that many different tonalities of red. However, more are promised soon.

B. The style of the wig. There they are, all lined up to choose from—lots of them with designer names like Kenneth, Halston, Adolfo, Donald Brooks, Oscar de la Renta—short ones, long ones, flipped out, flipped under, curly tops, Buster Browns, Veronica Lake soignée's, Doris-Day-apple-pie-Mrs.-America's, and Elizabeth Taylor-y tousled manes. The important thing to remember is that the wig should be cut, on you, to suit you. It can be done by an expert at the store counter. Or take it to your hairdresser and get it done exactly right. Important to remember—to achieve many of the shorter sleeker shapes you see often in Vogue, you must start with a longer wig. Don't feel you have to settle for the shapes that already exist—the changes a good hair stylist can make are astonishing. Once a shape is cut into a wig, it is there to stay. Another important point: almost all wigs, synthetic or real, should be thinned. For some reason wigs always seem to have too much hair, especially in back.

C. The proper fit. A wig has to feel

(Continued on next page)

You've just stepped off the plane in Caracas and the humidity has hit your nice New York-combed coif. . . .

YOU WERE PLANNING TO STAY HOME AND READ TONIGHT, BUT BUNNY JUST CALLED TO ASK IF YOU CAN FILL IN FOR SOMEONE SICK—DINNER'S IN HONOR OF JACKIE AND ARI.

You're cleaning house to heal your broken heart. He calls. He's in the phone booth on the corner. He's sorry and he's coming right up. . . .

FIVE MINUTES AGO, MY HAIR WAS A MESS—then I put on my Fashion Tress wig of Kanekalon that Suga cut and shaped for me, and look at me now!" Vivianne illustrating the virtues of a wig—a tale you can emulate. Vivianne's bare black sweater: It Still Does by Liesbeth Potter (Durene cotton knit). $11. At Arnold Constable. Accessories, next to last page.

PENN





comfortable and secure on your head or forget it—so all wig bases are slightly elasticized to cling. The newest bases are even better. The hair is mounted not on a solid cap but on ribbons or strips of elasticized material. The wig looks the same from the outside but inside you know the difference—it's porous, it's cooler—you feel less hemmed in. You can pull some of your own hair through and mix it in; you can even quite naturally scratch your head—if you want to. Some wigs have a "combination" base—a piece on the crown is solid material that looks like scalp. The rest is the nice porous ribbons. This gives you several advantages at once—cool comfort, a natural-looking hairline in front, and a top that permits you to comb and part the wig any way without giving away your secret. The Kenneth wigs have a patented wig cap that practically guarantees a good fit, especially if your head is larger or smaller than average—in addition to the elasticized material, there's a series of hooks and eyes you can adjust to you.

HOW TO PUT YOUR WIG ON—AND KEEP IT ON. . .

The first thing is to get your own hair as flat and smooth as possible to your head. If it's short and curly, a series of flat bobby-pinned curls will do it. If it's medium to long, part it down the back and take the two sides and wrap them one over the other. Then pull back the sides and front, and bobby-pin them down. If your hair is really long and thick, like Chér's two feet of gorgeous mane, and you want to wear a short small wig like those we showed on Chér last issue, do what hair stylist Suga did—pull it back and very carefully wrap it in a very tight French twist. Do not pull the hair back in a pony tail. It may make a lump. The point is to keep the smooth line of your own head. You can also buy little nylon "scalp stockings" that pull as tautly over your pinned-down hair as a stocking to the leg.

With your own hair ready, pull on the wig. It should fit comfortably.

THEY'RE SERVING COCKTAILS AROUND THE POOL BEFORE THE GALA DINNER. IT'S AWFULLY CROWDED, AND SUDDENLY —SPLASH!—YOU'RE IN THE POOL, NEW OSCAR DE LA RENTA DRESS AND ALL. . . .

You've been in the hospital for days and they won't let you wash your hair. And tonight *he's* coming to visit. . . .

You're on your way to your first day on the job as the new President of the Company and you get caught in the rain. . . .

If you want, you can make a "gripper" above each ear—a cross bar of two bobby pins holding the wig to your own hair. And then if you're worried that you may flip your wig as you execute a hot hot cha-cha—you can put another bobby pin straight up at the bottom in the center back, of the wig. It's on to stay for sure.

HOW TO KEEP YOUR WIG. . .

Here comes the big difference between human-hair wigs and synthetics. Human hair is, after all, just that—so it cannot be battered about. It should be kept on a wig stand or carefully wrapped to hold its curl. It must be cleaned and reset by a professional hairdresser. And it will react to weather just as your own hair does. Also, streaked or bleached human-hair wigs must be kept covered for prolonged periods in the sun, as they will oxidize or change color just like your own hair.

Synthetic wigs can be washed as often as need be, in cool water and a mild soap, such as Woolite. Suds them out, rinse, then hang on a door knob to dry. Give a good shake, brush or comb, and the wig will bounce back to its original shape. Always take care of your wig with the special products designed for it. In addition to mild soaps, there are special wig shampoos. Brush or tease with a wire-toothed wig brush or comb. All of these supplies are relatively inexpensive.

A wig should be cleaned or washed whenever it begins to separate. If you wear it every day, once every three or four weeks is average. You'll know when it needs it.

A synthetic wig is a delight to travel with. No matter how long and dazzling, you just roll it up, curl-end first, cover with a scarf or a piece of tissue—not a plastic bag—and tuck it in your handbag or luggage. Then unroll. Perhaps it will be in need of a combing, but it's ready to go.

BITS AND PIECES OF INTEREST RE WIGS:

If a woman wears a wig everyday, it normally does not hurt her scalp.

Continued on page 127

You're in London. You've just washed your hair. And you remember that your portable hair dryer, which works in Paris, doesn't here. . . .

You've just arrived in Rome and you've got precisely twenty minutes to get ready for a Very Important Appointment. You lean over the tub to turn on the tap—it's the wrong one—your head is showered instead. . . .

YOU JUST CAN'T HANDLE YOUR OWN HAIR. PERIOD.

HOW DO YOU LIKE ME AS A CARAMEL BLONDE?" Karen Graham looks scrumptious as one. She did it by putting on a Kenneth wig of Elura that had been cut by François of Kenneth's. Karen's black wool Korrigan sweater, $28 at Jax. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.

PENN


Boombox
R75

Focus on summer: super new warm-weather fashion—photographed in the Bahamas





Whether you get there by plane or by calendar, whenever—and wherever—you find yourself in summer, here are the clothes you'll need. Photographed in Nassau and on Paradise Island, twelve pages—a reel-y big show—of bang-up good looks: clean, sharp, breezy—and cotton, as often as not. . . . Two views of the separates news, both pages: a navy-and-white pants suit in mixed fabrics, mixed patterns, and trompe-l'oeil layers—the pin-dot voile shirt, gingham-check seersucker vest, and white pants are really a one-piece jumpsuit—**with a seersucker shirt-jacket.**

By Pat Sandler. Seersucker of cotton-and-polyester; voile of polyester-and-cotton; pants of Trevira-and-rayon. About $145. At Saks Fifth Avenue; The Union; Jacobson's, Michigan; Gus Mayer; Sakowitz; Neusteters. Coifs on these ten pages, by François of Kenneth. Accessories, next to last page.



PENATI

Small-print shirtdress, left, just right for sun country (or sun city)—lozenge-print cotton knit in off-white, red, and black with short sleeves, pleats, and a reverse-print weskit. . . . Patchwork pants suit, right: short shirt-jacket and pants of white cotton twill brightened with a wild bunch of colors. A good casual look for summer—along with a good look at Nassau's jewel-green sea.

Left: Diane von Fürstenberg's shirtdress and weskit, of double-knit cotton, about $78. At Altman's; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. . . . *Right:* Pants suit, Something! by Oscar de la Renta. Galey & Lord cotton. Jacket, about $120; pants, about $58. At Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.

Focus on shirt
looks—nifty at
either end of a lens

PENATI



Focus on bare skin —with shirt-jackets for cover

Here's white: this summer's super color, left —tank top, sharkskin pleats, and a red-and-ready plaid shirt-jacket. . . . Shirt-jacket pants suit, above, in brown cotton damask with bareness when you want it (see the little scarf-silk halter). What else to see? More sea from Nassau's Cable Beach. . . . Hello again, cotton voile, right: light as air and newly bare. Beige-and-navy Paisley shirt-jacket, dirndl, and halter—bare back, bare shoulders, bare midriff (great thing about a cover-up jacket is you can go anywhere, lunch or dinner).

Left: By Ilse Smith for Susan Thomas. Tank of Fortrel (Nashcombe Fabrics); skirt of Arnel; jacket of Fortrel and cotton (Mooresville Mills). Turn-out, about $64. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Halle's-Cleveland; Jacobson's; Frost Bros.; Neusteters. . . . *Above:* Ken Scott pants suit, $145; halter, $30. Ricupero Boutique. . . . *Right:* Donald Brooks (Fisba fabric). About $295. Bergdorf Goodman; Kaufmann's; Hudson's; Swanson's. Elura hairpiece by Donald Brooks. Coifs: François of Kenneth. Accessories next to last page.

Focus on navy and white... and pretty bare knees





Turn over a new leaf...and unbutton, left: sea breeze, see knees, and a leggy little cotton knit shirtdress in navy and white that barely needs buttoning all summer.... Bare-back navy knit, top right: cotton coolth with white stitching and buttons, criss-crossed straps in back like a little girl's sundress.... Flourish of checks, far right: navy-and-white shirty body-suit under a button-on navy skirt with a few checks drawn on it, too. (Pied Piper wears her own white shirt, sleeves pushed up.) Both pages, snapped on the beach fronting the Ocean Club on Paradise Island, just over the bridge from Nassau.

Left: By Maggie Browning for Lady Manhattan; Cohama cotton knit. About $32. At Lord & Taylor; Jacobson's, Michigan; Frost Bros....*Top right:* By Kasper for J. L. Sport; Concord cotton knit. About $46. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Halle's-Cleveland; Stanley Korshak....*Far right:* By Sacony. Body-suit of Arnel; skirt of textured Arnel-and-nylon. Turnout, about $38. Macy's; Burdine's; Jacobson's, Michigan; May D & F. Accessories, next to last page.

PENATI

Focus on summer-sweater dressing

Layers of light sweaters, layers of patterns in navy and white, this page: short-sleeved cardigan over a dotted knit shirt all-in-one with a scaly-print tank top; this, and a crocheted navy skirt—and you are dressed! ...The sweater set for summer, far right: thin little black halter belted with a strip of black patent over wide white crêpe pants and covered—sometimes—by a short-sleeved black cardigan banded in white....Photographed where the houses have lots of sunshine inside as well as out—in Lyford Cay, west of Nassau.

This page. By Adolfo, crocheted of wool-and-silk. About $375. Saks Fifth Avenue. Dynel wig by Adolfo for Abbott Tresses. *Far right.* By Kasper for Joan Leslie. Both sweaters of nylon-acetate-and-wool knit; pants of acetate-and-rayon crêpe. About $135. Bonwit Teller; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Kaufmann's, Hudson's; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Kanekalon wig by Kenneth. Accessories, on the next to last page of this issue.

PENATI



Focus on black and white—jacketed for town

The little-jacketed dress, above: smidge of black, short-sleeved over a sleeveless black-and-white flame-stitch-print dress. ...White embroidered eyelet shirt-jacket, left, fresh and cool over a wide-skirted black dress that's very covered in front, very bare under crisscrossed straps in back—the kind of all-put-together dressing that works for you from morning to midnight all summer.

Above. By Nat Kaplan. Dress of polyester; jacket of rayon. About $110. At Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin....*Left:* By Ole Borden for Rembrandt. Dress of polyester and rayon; jacket of Dacron and cotton (George Richardson fabric). About $130. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Lillie Rubin, South and West. Elura wig by Schiaparelli. Accessories, on the next to last page of this issue.

Smash jacket for pants: bold black-and-white cardigan, below—really dresses up an easy little tank-and-pants turnout of black jersey, scarfed here.... Covered, but not separately: long-sleeved shirtdress, right—patchwork of geometrics in black-and-white jersey with a two-way zip to lower the plunge, raise the slash. (Man in the jacketed turtleneck is Maury Hopson, who did the hair on both of these pages.)

Below: Pants suit by Gene Berk for Paganne, of Antron nylon. About $110. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz; Neusteters.... *Right:* Shirtdress by Casandra, of Antron nylon. About $68. At Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.; Joseph Horne. Kanekalon wig by Joseph Fleischer. Accessory information, on the next to last page of this issue. Both pages: decor by Karl Springer.

THE beauty trip

See the world, and the world sees you—how to take your good looks along

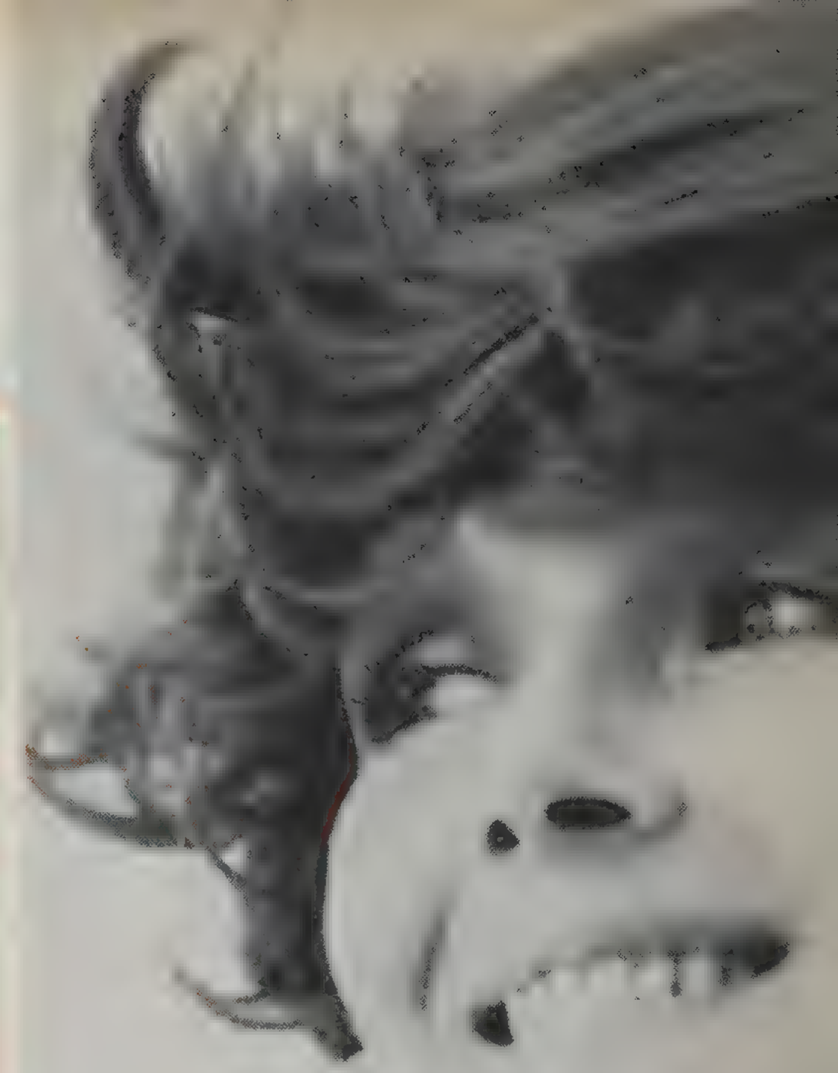
Your good looks—where would you be without them? Possibly in a far-off place—and really nowhere—if you've forgotten any of the absolute musts of your beauty routine (and there's nothing more off-putting than a missing must). So our first word of advice is the leisurely check-list of musts—no rushing through it, no Spartan do-withouts that could spell eventual problems. To each her own list, but some things are musts for everyone, and are now available in convenient little ways. Consider: Handy one-time packets of hand lotion, liquid shampoo, shoe-shine, spot-remover, nail-polish remover, eye-makeup remover. Eye drops. Moisturizer, in a small container that stays with you on the plane (see why, below). Flaky leaves of soap. Packets of Woolite. Capsule washcloths. Capsule bath oil. Facial blotters. Un-waxed dental floss that de-plaques teeth better. A deodorant compact, and Freshstick makeup remover in a swivel case—both new from Lucille Bouchard. A plastic cylinder for eye-makeup brushes. Your own hair musts—if your hairdresser uses a special shampoo or conditioner on you, ask him for a supply of it; you might bring him a small plastic bottle he can fill. A zippered cosmetic satchel of see-through plastic to hold everything; then, if you're as organized as one traveling lady we know, you'll subdivide your beauty-needs into things for face, things for bath, things for hair—and put each group into a smaller see-through case. Thus, everything is obvious, and findable in seconds.

Find, if you can, a jewel of a drugstore, probably connected with a big hotel, where travelers' needs are featured. One such, in New York, is the St. Regis Pharmacy where you can get toiletries in small sizes, electric things (hairdryers, toothbrushes) with switches to foreign voltage, and adapters for your own electrical gadgets. This pharmacy also specializes in plastic jars and bottles of all sizes, will transfer your creams and lotions, even if you didn't buy them there, into whatever size you want—charging, the dears, only for the plastic containers. Another helpful store is Hammacher Schlemmer which has, among other fascinations, Air-Aid—a portable mini-tank of oxygen about the size of handbag hairspray; this, good for about twenty-five squirts that could refresh a weary traveler, especially on unaccustomed mountains. Also useful: an inflatable wedge pillow (available in big drugstores), and a folding medicine spoon.

Rx for long plane trips—a glass of water every hour, fresh moisturizer every three hours, and call the masseuse in the morning

A savvy United Air Lines stewardess gives some friendly-sky beauty tips: "Skin gets very thirsty in the air. Drink a lot of water—one glass for every hour in the air. Don't substitute coffee, the caffein only dehydrates more. For long flights, put on extra moisturizer—a new layer every three hours or so. On overnight flights, don't wear eye makeup, it smears when you sleep. Wear loose clothes, change to a robe for sleeping, if you like. Sleeping masks are helpful [there's a new Isotoner by Aris that soothes eyes while you rest], also ear plugs [the astronauts used Silaflex, by Flents]. Don't take off shoes, you risk swelling—if you must, elevate your feet. A long sit can cramp, cut circulation—try some sitting exercises: tighten calf muscles, press feet hard against the floor. Rotate feet at the ankle. Lift one leg at a time an inch or two off the floor. Stretch your neck—back, sideways. If you want to sleep say so—then you won't be disturbed. For touching up makeup in the daytime, choose—or borrow—a window seat; natural light is better than cabin light or lavatory light."

Please don't drink the water—excellent advice if there's any question, and not just overseas; U. S. waters vary, and the change bothers some travelers' insides. If bottled water isn't around, there are other salvations: Halazone tablets—two, dropped into a quart of water, clean it up in half an hour. Or a few drops of iodine, useful anyway, will make water safe in about fifteen minutes. Boiling, for at least three minutes, makes water drinkable—can be done with an immersion heater (remember, if necessary, the plug adapter). Last resort is bottled soda water—many a traveler has brushed teeth in it. Remember, too, that the question, "has this ice been boiled?" isn't as silly as it sounds—ice is water too, and freezing doesn't daunt bacteria.



Wigs—standard equipment for travelers now, joining ranks with Kleenex and instant coffee. The wig above, styled by Oscar de la Renta and made of Kanekalon because, he says, "I like its naturalness, its ability to face life convincingly"—even on a beach. Oscar, by the way, has a new Kanekalon wig called Ming (not shown) with a soft, rounded shape, a touch of Chinoiserie in little curves of hair across the brow.

Start fresh, not dragged out from last-minute rush. Get a facial and pedicure before leaving, a massage as soon as you arrive. (One smart woman booked a masseuse in Tokyo before getting on the plane in Paris—went there straight from the airport and, despite the eternal ride, was the freshest, most untired-looking one at the party that evening.) And, if foreign languages hang you up, get a copy of Helene Curtis's dandy little phrase-book of beauty for salons—gives you essential hair-and-nails talk in French, Italian, German, Spanish, making it easy to toss off "Je veux une frange," or "Nicht allzu kurz!" without flinching. For this, send 25c to Salon Division, Helene Curtis, 4401 West North Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60639.

Knapsack with a knack—fashion's new bag

Check the bag, directly above. Notice its squashy little size. Open it mentally, and find within the four slick little things shown around it—a bra top, bikini pants, a wraparound midriff top, a skirt that ripples to the ankles in fluttery, tattery slits. All, white jersey that's pebbly, opaque, unwrinkleable—wear any combination of the four, and look great day or evening (you may even find a way to wear the knapsack). This traveler's dream, known as Summer in a Knapsack, by Sant' Angelo 4U2; Nyesta nylon (Maxwell fabric). About $100. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Sakowitz. Wig, coiffed by François of Kenneth. Accessories, next to last page.

PENATI

IN CHINA

IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY, PEKING



SALLY RESTON
THE NEW YORK TIMES

SALLY RESTON TELLS WHAT TO SEE, BUY, WATCH FOR

ON PERILOUS PEAKS DWELLS BEAUTY

Amid the growing shades of dusk
stand sturdy pines,
Riotous clouds drift past,
swift and tranquil.
Nature has excelled herself
in the Fairy Cave,
On perilous peaks dwells beauty
in her infinite variety.

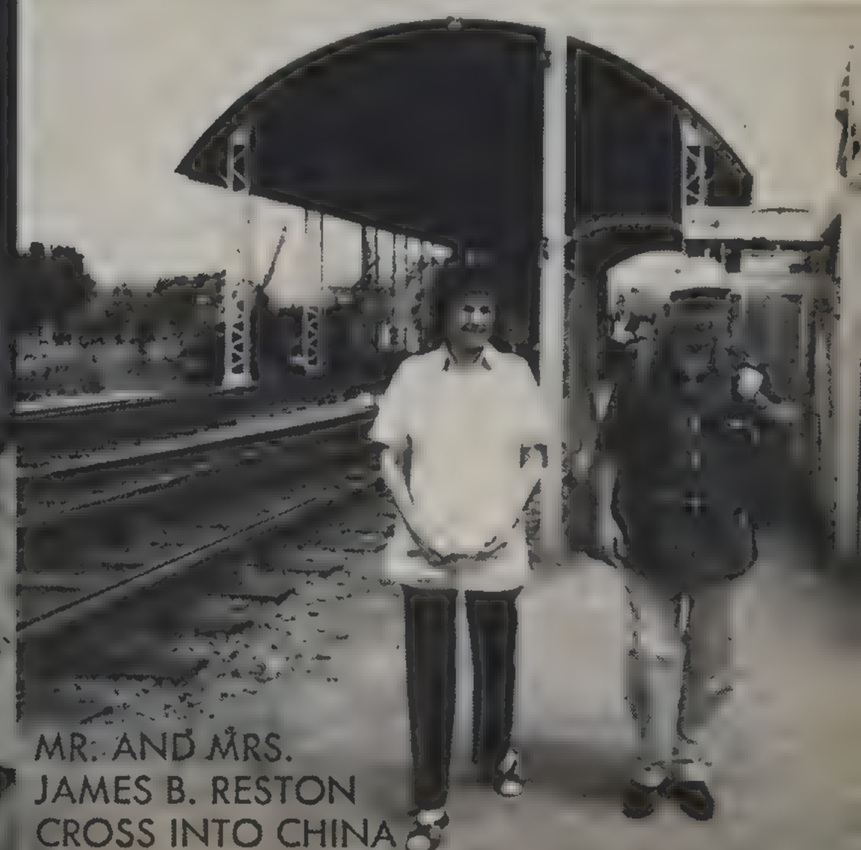
—MAO TSE-TUNG
SEPTEMBER 9, 1961

At the cable office in Peking I sat on a marble stool in the savage heat of a July day last summer. Above the cool marble counter on which I wrote my message home hung a copy of a famous poem by Mao Tse-tung (translation, above). I was struck by his calligraphy—its swift grace and strong shading.

"What does it say?" I asked my Foreign Office interpreter. Chin Kuei-hua, whose English is impeccable, took a few steps backward and studied the poem for a long time.

"It is about a mountain scene, an inscription on a picture taken by Comrade Li Chin," he said, "but it is difficult to translate the Chinese idea into Western thought."

During our eight weeks in China, this problem of understanding was a constant puzzle. From Hong Kong's border to Canton; northward into Kwangtung's rugged mountains; from there to Peking, fifteen hundred miles by train; on to the iron and steel complexes of Northeast China; to Dairen on the Yellow Sea, (Continued on next page)



MR. AND MRS.
JAMES B. RESTON
CROSS INTO CHINA


BUDDHIST TEMPLE

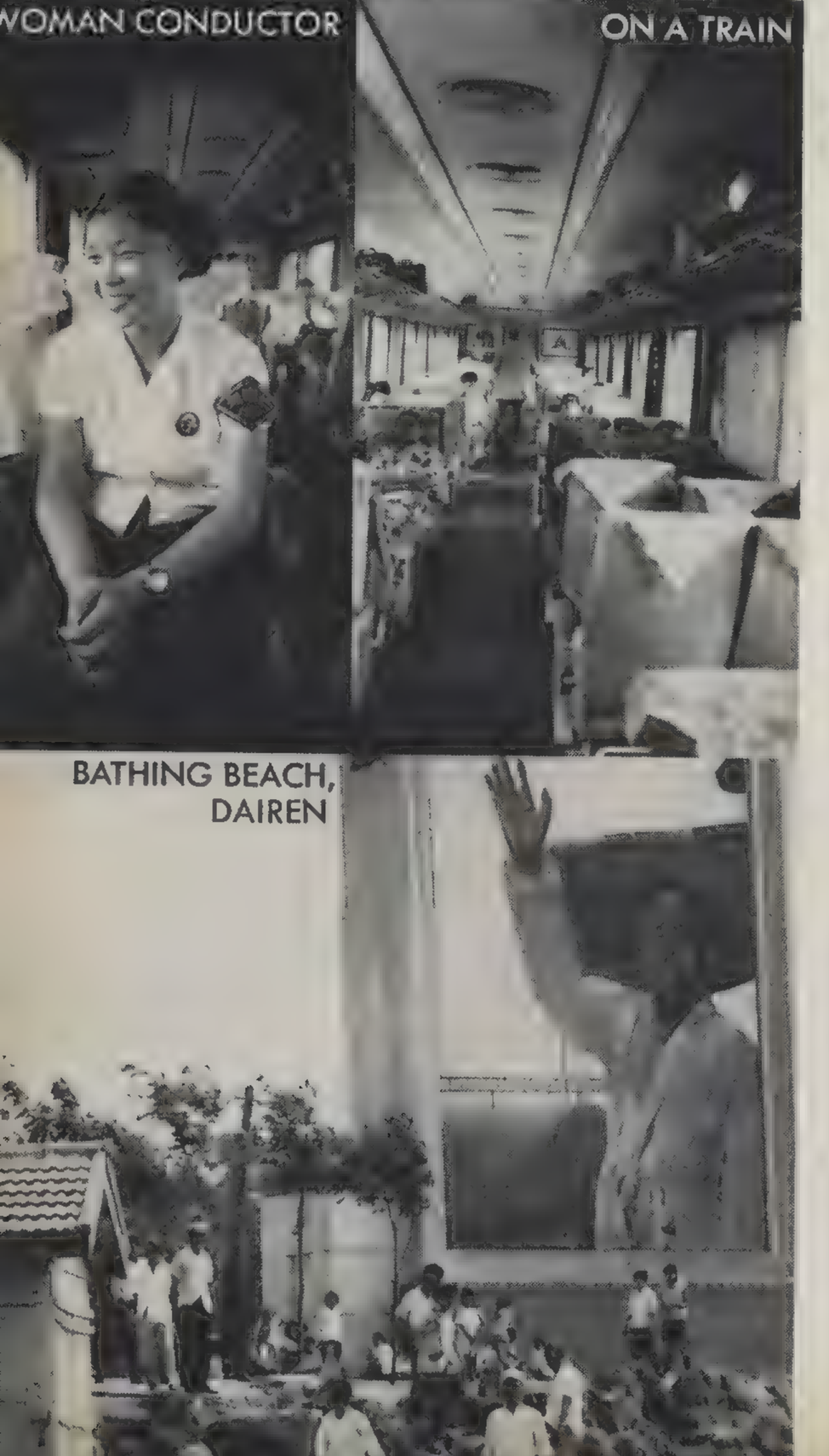
AMERICAN-WATCHER

ICE-EATERS, PEKING


LAKE IN HANGCHOW


PEKING U. CAMPUS

AT LO TUNG MOUNTAIN BRIGADE


WOMAN CONDUCTOR

ON A TRAIN

BATHING BEACH, DAIREN

(Continued) where no Westerner had been allowed for twenty-two years; to glamorous Shanghai; and finally to Hangchow with its willow-rimmed lake and gentle blue mountains, I wondered often—and still wonder—how to translate China into Western thought.

All one can give are impressions; details in a Chinese landscape lovely to remember, too large to understand.

To an American many things in China seem hindside-foremost: soup is dessert, a return address goes on the lower right-hand corner of the envelope, autumn begins early in August. But there are deeper paradoxes.

Many things are admirable, but others puzzle and trouble a Western visitor. For examples: the constant blare of propaganda and martial music on trains, in stores, on street corners (one feels one should stand up every five minutes and salute); the individual directed to whatever place and to whatever job the state decides is in its interest; the sameness of political line—even the same words used over and over like a litany—by professors, government officials, factory workers, and peasants alike.

Yet there is a human refrain that rings refreshingly in American ears tuned long ago to hymnbooks and school primers teaching ethics along with alphabets. The pages of the calendar on the desk in our Peking hotel room, for instance, have these headings above the date: "Be punctual." "Pay fairly for what you buy." "Return everything you borrow." "Do not take a single needle or piece of thread from the masses." And often inscribed on walls in Mao's hand is the admonition: "Be simple. Be down-to-earth. And devote yourself wholeheartedly to the interests of the people."

Of the eight hundred million Chinese, the vast majority live on its eastern coast, so near to one another, it is said, that nobody is ever beyond the sound of another human voice. We wondered about this. Would they be sharp and beastly to one another in such a crush?

My impression was that they were kindly, patient, and cooperative with each other. And remarkably willing to make sacrifices for the state. For example, they have the strongest sense of family; and yet I retain the vivid memory of a young married couple on the train platform separating tearfully, one directed to work in Peking, the other assigned by the government to a permanent job hundreds of miles away.

So the paradox. Perhaps over the years the double image will come into sharp and single focus. For the present the pictures remain—a train, a hospital, a Chinese child. They are pebbles skipped over the memory of China, and over its deeper waters.

On Chinese trains, you must go backward in time before you can go forward in space. Sitting in a Chinese bedroom compartment is like sitting in your grandmother's parlor. The seats, summer-slipcovered in sand-colored cotton, have wide lace antimacassars across the backs, cool grass mats across the seats; the pillows are covered in hand-embroidered, hemstitched cases from Hunan. The little table between the bunks holds a clean white lace cloth, a tiny budding gardenia plant, and a green crystal lamp with



a red-and-white silk shade. Celadon cups with lids and two tins of tea—green and black—await the porter's arrival with large vacuum jugs of hot and cold water.

Above the table a large screened window is open, framed in white silk curtains and dark-green velvet draperies. Against the ceiling a small oscillating fan whips up the air. A pair of slippers is tucked under each bunk.

Technologically backward, China, in fact, to Western eyes looks old-fashioned—Victorian—puritanical.

And clean. The Peking train, from its red-wheeled engine and buffalo catcher at the front to the last of its white and blue cars, is immaculate; corridor floors washed down after we start, exterior and windows washed along the way. Getting up in the middle of the night, a traveler finds the porters busily dusting. By day, the peasants seen out the window are halfway to their knees in mud behind their wooden plows and water buffalo, yet their white T-shirts look neat and show no soil. (While in China, we saw many mended garments, never a ragged one.)

At Ying Teh, first stop on the Peking route, the Chinese rush from their coaches to a long white-tiled sink built into the station wall. Here, as at all stations, men in shorts and T-shirts wash themselves vigorously before reboarding. In the heat of Peking later, we watched young women at bus stops hand up soap and basins of water to bus drivers who washed before continuing on their way.

Isolated for twenty-two years, the Chinese turn inward upon themselves. As we are coming down the train steps at a city just before we cross the Yangtze, a little girl about three years old runs out of the station. Perhaps it is her father who stands in the door. Suddenly she sees our white faces and curly hair. Panic strikes, she dashes for the doorway, grabs her father's leg, and peers out fearfully from behind. It is not an uncommon occurrence.

In fact, in China, travelers are rarely asked questions about the United States. Perhaps it has always been so. Many Westerners have had hopes of trading riches with China, including George III. The Emperor wrote him: "Our Celestial Empire possesses all things in prolific abundance and lacks no product within its own borders. There is therefore no need to import the manufactures of outside barbarians."

The chefs turn up in our train compartment to negotiate our dinner and later in the dining car turn out a gourmet's delight: hors d'oeuvres of shredded meat, cucumbers, and spiced raw vegetables and Peking preserved eggs which have been soaking in lime and water for weeks. The whites look like coffee Jell-O, the yolks have turned dark green—very good! After chicken, shrimp, and filet of pork comes a clear soup with vegetables and shredded meat followed by lichee nuts in their red rind and yellow watermelon.

The waiters, direct but courteous, wear clean white suits and caps. As the train moves away from a station, the station employees line up on the platform in dignified farewell.

Peking, like other Chinese cities, has few private cars, only thousands of bikes tinkling their bells. The wide boulevards run between borders of willows; the *hutungs*, or lanes, between high grey walls. The huge central square, Tiananmen, spread before the Great Hall of the People and the scene of all national receptions, sits across from the red walls and yellow tile roofs of the Forbidden City.

But Peking is, at first, a puzzle. Though its streets are clean (gleaming white water trucks wash them after midnight) and the city seems orderly, twenty-foot-high piles of dirt line the boulevards. No new construction can be seen, but street corners are cluttered with mounds of rubble, bricks, and timbers. Enormous circles of concrete pipe, large enough to shelter the Chinese and their bikes from rain, are thrown helter-skelter about the city. The place has a bombed-in look.

Han Suyin, author of the book *A Many Splendored Thing*, comes to call and gives us an explanation. "I have been taken down into the underground city today," she told us. "It is Peking's defense against atomic attack." Every house, she remarked, had its own entrance, special ramps help the old and infirm, clinics and nurseries have been set up. The network of tunnels, formed by the huge pipes, leads to exits in the countryside.

Premier Chou En-lai later asked us if we had heard about the underground cities. "All our cities have them now," he said. "China no longer fears the atomic bomb."

Why are so many Chinese heads flat at the back? Because their mothers years ago strapped their babies to boards while they went out to work. Now their working granddaughters leave their babies in excellent day-care nurseries. In the evening, the pedi-cab man comes along with his little wooden station wagon on the back of his bike, picks up six or eight children, all nodding and waving from the windows, and pedals them from nursery to home.

No more arranged marriages for Chinese women, no more bound feet, no wedding rings, traditionally no husband's names for them, no unequal pay for their work. Birth-control pills are freely supplied by city-block health centers or country-commune dispensaries. Young Chinese women are not encouraged to marry until twenty-five, an effort to cut the birth rate. (Continued on page 122)

SALLY RESTON/THE NEW YORK TIMES

At home: the new Roman way

Above: At the far end of the living room, a recent Robert Motherwell painting hangs over a deep-brown suède banquette; the tables in front, blocks of travertine. Right: A Louise Nevelson sculpture. Below: On another wall of the living room, three long windows, outlined in rivet-studded molding and opening on the church of the Santi Apostoli, alternate with paintings by Tom Wesselmann, left, and by Robert Indiana, right. In this place of efficient wonders, the lighting can be altered at whim from a switchboard in a travertine table.

CARLA DE BENEDETTI







FOR A BAROQUE PALAZZO,

In the heart of Rome, on the slender but frantically trafficked Piazza Santi Apostoli, stands the splendid Palazzo Odescalchi, designed by the seventeenth-century architect and sculptor Gian Lorenzo Bernini, who contributed so enduringly to the interior of St. Peter's. The interior of the Palazzo is another matter. The spectacular flat rede-



a POWER OF a MERICAN ART

signed recently by the Italian architect-designer team Giorgio Pes and Roberto Federici for a European businessman is strictly visionary today and tomorrow with a glorious sense of space, a luxurious variety of textures, and a remarkable collection of art that is surprisingly in-depth American—into which you are eased through a hallway of Canaletto's eighteenth-century Italian landscapes. Above: The taupe-carpeted living room with a view of the church of the Santi Apostoli mixes velvet pillows with suède banquettes in a room all lacquered white (even the ceiling), making a serene background for the dominating works of art. Left to right: On the floor, stainless-steel sculpture by Beverly Pepper; on the wall, a silk-screen painting by Andy Warhol, and, over the mantel, a Roy Lichtenstein. Innovative, too, the doors: thicknesses of brown Perspex ribboned with vivid abstract design, by Jean-Claude Fahri.

The new Roman way

Above left: Guest room with darkest blue Perspex walls, target for bold, glowing design by Jean-Claude Fahri, vividly lighted from behind. For the bed, blue silks, blue fur. Left: Master bedroom, unsparing in comfort or dash. Soothing deep-brown background for the Tom Wesselmann painting of cigarette and lips, glowing lamps of steel and Perspex, metal-framed table, and a range of sculpture. The bed is a field of fur and a clutter of patchworked suède pillows.

In the Palazzo Odescalchi, the stunning surprise, above, is dining al scultura —at the steel table, which is a sculpture by Beverly Pepper, the chairs always out of sight except at mealtimes. Once again a beige-floored, white-walled ground for a bold collection of art, the dining room is hung, left to right, with a Tom Wesselmann Pop painting of 1963, one of Frank Stella's Protractor Series paintings, and a Victor Vasarely (above the travertine sideboard). The extraordinary lighting effects—luminous bands edging the ceiling and floor—switch to variable stripes of changing color. Right: The master bathroom, a drama with glossy deep-grey basalt for the walls and floor, glints of steel, and an immense bathtub interior in flashing white marble. Over the basalt-encased sink, a trompe-l'oeil painting by Michelangelo Pistoletto.



(Continued from page 117)

Peking shopper: search out the jade, the amethyst; revel in silks

Before marriage they get no pills because, it is claimed, illegitimacy is not a problem.

The Chinese woman wears no cosmetics and no jewelry. She handles the family's paychecks and draws up its budget. In the cities she lives in an apartment complex where, if she works, she has a service put together by other wives who run a restaurant, a laundry and mending service, purchase and prepare (but never cook) her evening meal—a kind of shop-and-chop service.

The Chinese family, to American eyes, seems solid. Grandmothers may retire at fifty, grandfathers at fifty-five and often live then with their children, caring for the grandchildren. Age is respected still in China; a middle-aged lady is always introduced to a child as "Auntie." Still—Chinese women are often appointed Deputy Chairmen of the Revolutionary Committees which run everything in their country; we never met one who was Chairman.

You don't go to a beauty shop in China to have your hair done, you go to the men's barber shop. The barber pumps up the chair and puts shampoo only on dry heads. As the customer sits upright, he sculptures a beautiful lather, then scoops it off in his hands, carrying it back and forth to the corner basin, before applying the second. Finally, the customer is led to the basin, where the barber dons a nose-and-mouth mask and rinses thoroughly. When all is finished, he dusts the hair dryer inside and out before settling it over the customer's head.

Here, roughly, is the price list from the barber shop in the Hsien Chiao Hotel in Peking:

Permanent wave	$ .80
Shampoo and hair set	.44
Hair set	.32
Shampoo and hair cut	.32
" —long hair	.32
" —short hair	.24
" and drying	.24
Hair cut	.40
Hair drying	.15
Cold wave	2.20
Children	.24

"You must go to Hangchow to get a pair of scissors," Mr. Chin said. "They make the best ones in China."

"But Hangchow is hundreds of miles from Peking," I protested. "Can't I get a pair here?"

We are in the main Peking department store, well-stocked, crowded with buyers, the quality of goods sturdy and honest. But no scissors from Hangchow!

The Chinese must strive for local self-sufficiency. National distribution to eight hundred million people who have no private cars, very few trucks, and no modern highways is difficult. Shopping, in each locality, therefore, is as interesting for what is there as for what is not. Plastic and chromium, incidentally, are seldom seen. Pure silk, on the other hand (though more and more nudged aside by synthetics), is available everywhere. Men's silk socks are fifty cents and custom-made silk shirts about five dollars.

Of Chinese honesty, let the buyer be aware. Our doors were never locked. If you proffer a tip, a Chinese is insulted. Our cameras and lenses were safe in unlocked cars on the busiest streets. And Westerners in Peking still joke about the traveler who threw a worn-out pair of shoes into the wastebasket as he was leaving for Paris. Just before takeoff, a sweating hotel employee ran onto the plane, holding high the cracked uppers and shredded soles in a last-minute effort to find their rightful owner. Not only is bargaining long gone; but shirts and shoes, for instance, are valued according to size, each smaller version of one style bearing a lower price tag.

Were we bringing in a sewing machine, customs officials asked? Most Chinese clothes are homemade and any country commune will tell you proudly how many sewing machines they own. Outside a Peking department store, next to a long table covered by a white cloth and large bowls of hot tea for sale, is the mending annex. Inside are some thirty women intent over their sewing machines. Customers leave pants or jacket in the morning, pick them up in the evening.

But the beautiful objects of ancient China—the scrolls, the paintings, the books and porcelains and old brocades—are gone from Chinese shops. The Nationalists, of course, took much of the nation's treasure with them to Taipei; and now the Peking government has secreted the remainder, like our gold in Fort Knox, in immense *gudangs*, or warehouses.

In Liu Li Chang, Peking's famous shopping lane where Manchu princes and high officials in flowing robes used to stroll, there is a porcelain shop still, but a traveler is hard put to find a pretty piece unflawed. In the two scroll shops farther along, the paintings are mostly modern and frankly propagandistic. An old goateed gentleman near the corner whose shop was shut by the Cultural Revolution has opened it again and produces excellent reproductions of T'ang horses and other ancient ceramics.

But Westerners still haunt the two seal shops at either end of the street. Personal seals made of jade, amethyst, chicken-blood marble are often given, like other Chinese wedding gifts, in pairs; carved together with a tiny, immovable chain; or delicately inscribed with poetry; often surmounted by small hand-carved animals from the Chinese bestiary.

At Peking hospital . . . grey stone, green-tiled roofs upturned like a smile at the corners, each roof bearing a tiny caravan of animals following a robed Chinese figure sitting stiffly on horseback. (Would they ward off evil spirits now?)

I helped my husband, soon to be operated on for acute appendicitis, through the door of the Anti-Imperialist (now called Capital) Hospital, flanked on each side with huge gold-lettered red slogans from Chairman Mao. (These were later removed.)

"The time is not far off," said one, "when the United States and all the aggressors and their running dogs in the world will be buried. There is certainly no hope for them." Inside the Anti-Imperialist Hospital we found superb doctors—modern, intelligent, conscientious—meticulous care, simple kindness, quiet.

Though in the center of Peking, we heard no traffic sounds, except for the distant bicycle bells, birds, children's voices, the high stuttering of crickets.

In the evening heat, the bell tower on the Cable and Telegraph Building floats the liquid tones of the "East Is Red" across the city. They play it slowly like a hymn. A deep gong follows, striking the long night hours as a nurse brings a glass of warm sugared milk for a nightcap.

Of acupuncture, what more can an ordinary traveler say? Consider only Mr. Chen Chien-kuo, who had been on the operating table two hours for removal of his right lung and one rib at Shanghai Number One Hospital. He chatted with his visitors, told his name and age, and talked of his work at Yi Ming Foodstuffs Company. While he ate sliced oranges, on the other side of the operating table I photographed his pulsating lung through a cavity opened several inches wide in his back. By him sat a nurse, twisting an acupuncture needle for anesthesia in his shoulder.

In an operating theater in Hun Shan Hospital in Shanghai, nurses, doctors, and other members of the medical team stood around a woman stretched out on the table about to undergo a thyroidectomy. The surgeon standing by her head said, "Chairman Mao teaches us . . ." and all recited in unison:

"The force at the core leading our cause forward is the Chinese Communist party. The theoretical basis guiding our thinking is Marxism-Leninism."

The surgeon said again, "Chairman Mao teaches us . . ." and all replied together:

"We should be modest and prudent, guard against arrogance and rashness, and serve the Chinese people heart and soul."

The surgeon took his knife, the operation began.

Flying out of China toward Tokyo, political questions sprout like spring weeds in the mind. Is the United States jettisoning the high-energy fuel of Japan before an unknown landing in China? Who can tell?

Out the window small white cumulus clouds lie on the air like peonies, casting petals of shadow on the East China Sea below. A small boat is silhouetted against the dazzling sun. Slowly, like a snail, it drags its silver spoor across the smooth blue water. "Chairman Mao teaches us . . ." And I recall the words of Premier Chou, often echoed by others, "China can wait." ▼

SOMEONE'S IN THE KITCHEN WITH MAXIME

Travel-trained in Japan, a freestyle cook,

MRS. DOUGLAS AUCHINCLOSS

BY MAXIME McKENDRY

Traveling in Japan two years ago swerved Lily Auchincloss down a new cooking route. Always an enthusiastic cook and a tidy one ("The first thing I learned about cooking was: when you unwrap the chicken, throw away the paper"), she was delighted by the crisp shapes and firm textures of Japanese food and by the brilliance of its colors.

Colors recur in Lily's conversations about food, echoing her interest in art. She is a trustee of New York's Museum of Modern Art, and guests find over her dining table not a chandelier but a mobile by Alexander Calder. The modern furniture and paintings, including one by Claudio Bravo of a roll of rumpled scarlet paper, in her New York apartment (where she lives with her husband, Douglas Auchincloss, an associate editor of *Time* magazine, and their daughter, Alexandra, twelve years old and a chess fan) reflect Lily's self-possession and gentle strength.

Tall, pale-skinned, with snap-brown eyes and hair, Lily moves with almost languid poise through her ample, skillfully lighted kitchen—doing the cooking herself, with serving help only at large parties. Parties may include Douglas's "authoritative" Bloody Marys; and it is he who grows bean sprouts in the dark of a cupboard for salads—they can also be found at greengrocers. At the Auchincloss house in Bermuda, overlooking a golf course (Lily says the Japanese call that "borrowed landscape"), the garden will provide tomatoes, basil, and beans for Salade Niçoise and the green soup will be made with parsley; but in New York Lily puts on a little Japanese apron and with condiments bought at Katagiri (224 East Fifty-ninth Street) cooks such Japan-inspired dishes as these:

WATERCRESS SOUP, two servings

1 tablespoon butter
3 small pearl onions, finely chopped
1 ½ to 2 cups chopped watercress
1 can chicken broth, de-fatted (or de-fatted homemade broth or made with MBT bouillon powder)
Extra watercress leaves
Cooked green peas or mashed potato (optional)
Skim milk (optional)

Melt butter; add onions and wilt very lightly. Add chopped watercress and broth. Bring to a boil, simmer only a minute or two. Cool slightly off the stove; puree in blender with extra raw leaves for color (include peas or potato as binder if needed). Soup should be thick and "chewy." May be held in refrigerator and diluted slightly with skim milk or more broth before reheating.



Kitchen talk, over soy sauce, scallions: Lily Auchincloss, left, with Maxime McKendry

CHICKEN BREASTS À LA AUCHINCLOSS, two servings

1 large chicken breast, cut in half
3 cups chicken broth, de-fatted
1 bay leaf
5 whole shallots, peeled
1 teaspoon fennel seed
A few thin slices peeled raw ginger root
4 scallions, peeled
2 endives, sliced lengthwise
A few carrot sticks (optional)

Combine broth, bay leaf, fennel, ginger, and shallots; bring to a boil. Reduce heat to simmer before adding chicken, scallions, and endives. Simmer, covered, 10 minutes, or until chicken is just tender—scallions should still be green. (If carrots are used, add before chicken and simmer about 5 minutes before next step.) Lily sometimes replaces the chicken with rolled flounder fillets, using dill instead of fennel and half chicken stock, half clam juice. Serve in soup bowls with some of the broth.

LILY'S ORIENTAL SALAD

1 to 1 ½ cups fresh bean sprouts
½ bunch watercress
1 head Bibb lettuce, broken in pieces
Cooked shrimps (leftover)
Cooked green peas (leftover)

Mix with dressing made of 2 parts lemon juice, 1 part oil, a few dashes of soy sauce, and slivers of pickled ginger—well washed to remove the brine. Season with pepper (no salt needed with soy sauce).

SOY DIP FOR VEGETABLES OR SHRIMP

¼ cup soy sauce
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon olive oil
1 teaspoon finely chopped chives

Mix and serve in a tiny bowl. Lily also likes to use S&B Sesame Salt, a mixture of coarse salt and toasted sesame seeds, as seasoning for *crudités* or cottage cheese.

DOUGLAS'S BLOODY MARY, 2 or 3 large drinks

Combine in a cocktail shaker:

Juice ½ lemon
Juice ½ lime
5 to 6 drops Tabasco sauce
6 to 10 drops Worcestershire sauce
2 ounces clam juice
6 ounces V-8 juice
Vodka to taste
Ice cubes

Shake and strain into glasses.



Chopper for watercress, shallots, any vegetable: Lily's Japanese knife, shaped like a butcher's cleaver.

THOM LAFFERTY

(Continued from page 65)

advises that such travelers might take a mild sedative for a few nights. Most tranquilizers won't work, however, unless one has taken them previously at home. The pharmacology of many of the minor tranquilizers is such that it takes them from seven to ten days to show any real effect on the patient. "By that time the traveler is probably sleeping well without any medication," Dr. Cahill said.

Many tourists experience bouts of diarrhea and other stomach upsets in foreign countries, especially in hot climates. Sometimes, the problem is due to contaminated food or water, often to lack of good judgment. "We all tend to drink more than usual and to overeat on vacation trips," Dr. Cahill said. "It's a tendency we should try to curb." A great many tourists suffer from something one physician referred to as "traveling hypochondria." The same person who would react to a stomach upset in New York by ignoring it or by taking an Alka-Seltzer panics when he experiences similar discomfort in Mexico City or Athens. He assumes that he has contracted dysentery or some other horrible disease and rushes to the nearest local physician for treatment. According to Dr. Cahill, a change in bowel habits is quite natural for most travelers. As long as the tourist is reasonably comfortable, his best alternative is probably to ignore the episode. If stomach cramps and diarrhea are really bothersome, paregoric will usually control the discomfort. However, if chills and fever accompany the diarrhea, he may really have contracted an infection and paregoric plus an antibiotic (which any traveler to a hot climate should carry in his medicine kit) may be needed. Treatment with antibiotics should be continued for several days after the symptoms have disappeared, or the infection may flare up again.

Dr. Cahill prefers his patients to treat simple illnesses themselves without attempting to find a physician in another country, especially in one of the less developed areas of the world. "There are excellent physicians almost everywhere," he says, "but the tourist may not find the best doctor. The real danger in the non-western world is over-medication. The physician may give his patient two or three potent drugs when a simple aspirin might have been all that was needed."

If the illness is not manageable through simple pre-planned self-help, Dr. Cahill suggests calling the nearest American or British Embassy which is usually prepared to recommend a well qualified local physician.

Women tourists may have additional cause for anxiety. Changes in climate, time zone, and the excitement of the trip can cause an alteration in the menstrual cycle. If a woman is unaware of this fact, she may come to the conclusion that she is pregnant, especially if her periods have always been very regular. Birth-control pills and other contraceptive measures work as well in Rome, Italy, as they do in Rome, New York, and a late period is rarely cause for concern. If a second period is missed, however, the traveler should probably arrange for a pregnancy test.

In European cities and in other developed areas of the world, food and drink are as safe as they are in the United States. There is no reason to worry about fresh salads in Paris, Rome, or Tokyo restaurants. The same is true for tap water and milk products. However, in the tropics or in small Southern or Eastern European towns, the tourist should exercise reasonable caution. Most tourists are careful not to drink tap water in rural South America or the Middle East. However, they forget that the ice in their drink may be made from the same water. Some unsophisticated tourists also have unlimited faith in any beverage that comes in a bottle. Bottled water is fine, as long as the traveler knows that the bottle cap is sealed when the waiter brings it. Sweet bottled drinks should probably be avoided unless one can be completely sure that they are either imported or have been prepared under sanitary conditions. Bottling plants in some areas of the world are not as sterile as they are in the United States and Western Europe, and sugar water is known for its bacteria-culturing qualities.

Tea and beer are excellent drinks almost anywhere. The alcohol in the beer kills the bacteria and tea water is boiled. Some countries where tap water is of questionable quality make excellent native wines. For instance, red and white table wines in Turkey are superb and quite safe.

Anyone who plans to take children to the tropics should also carry along a supply of powdered milk. Milk and milk products are quite safe in Western Europe and many parts of the world, but in some areas they can transmit tuberculosis and other diseases. Tourists tend to remember not to drink unpasteurized milk . . . but they forget about cream, butter, and yogurt. Indeed, some people believe that the bacillus that turns milk into yogurt automatically kills all other germs. It doesn't.

According to Dr. Cahill, broiled fresh meat and fish and fresh fruit—which should be peeled by the tourist himself—are safe anywhere. In the Middle East and Africa, he prefers small native restaurants, where the shishkebab is prepared at the table, to large tourist restaurants where fancier dishes in complicated sauces are served. "That orange sauce with the duck may be three days old," he says. Cooked vegetables are also fine, as long as they have not been reheated from the day before.

However, many American tourists worry too much. "No one should be concerned about the water used to wet a toothbrush," Dr. Cahill maintains. He tells of one patient who insisted on bathing in bottled water. "This," he says succinctly, "is asinine."

Dr. Cahill also advises firmly against the use of so-called intestinal prophylactics, such as Entero-Vioform. He considers them "generally ineffective" and adds that they may conceal infections, particularly amoebic infections, until serious complications occur.

However, Dr. Cahill urges all of his patients to protect themselves against the diseases that occur most often in tropical climates by making an appointment with their doctors as soon as they have decided on their itinerary to discuss health problems in general, and necessary inoculations and immunizations in particular.

Until last year, the United States Public Health Service required an up-to-date smallpox vaccination certificate before reentry into the United States from almost all foreign countries. However, this requirement has recently been waived for travelers to and from Europe and many countries in other continents. The Public Health Service recommends (but does not insist on) inoculation against tetanus and polio. Whether smallpox vaccination (effective for three years) is needed for anyone traveling in the tropics depends on conditions in the countries he plans to visit.

Tetanus inoculation should be administered to maintain a proper level of immunity to everyone who plans to travel abroad, or for that matter to anyone considering a ski trip to Vermont or an overnight camping excursion in the Tennessee mountains. Tetanus is commonplace in all rural parts of the world and the disease is spread through a break in the skin or a puncture wound, which can occur anywhere, anytime. Most Americans have had the basic series—three inoculations in childhood and require only a booster shot, which provides adequate immunization for about ten years.

Polio is almost extinct in the United States and in most Western European countries, but sudden outbreaks have occurred in other parts of the world, including the Caribbean and South America. For instance, this year polio reached epidemic proportions in Trinidad. Deaths from the disease have also been reported in Mexico, Argentina, Ecuador, and Peru. Therefore, anyone traveling with a child should ask the youngster's pediatrician whether a polio booster is indicated. Adults who have never had the initial series of polio inoculations and who plan to travel to parts of the world where the disease is still endemic should receive the two-dose series. A booster dose is necessary once every five years.

There are occasional outbreaks of typhoid in all parts of

one physician referred to as "travel hypochondria"

the world. For instance, several years ago, Zermatt, Switzerland (a wholly unlikely place for what is often considered a tropical disease), had several cases. However, Dr. Cahill does not recommend typhoid inoculations for travelers to the Caribbean, urban Mexico, Canada, Europe, Japan, Australia, and New Zealand. He definitely suggests this immunization for visitors to every part of Africa, Asia, the Philippines, the South Pacific Islands, South America, Central America, and rural Mexico, including the Yucatan peninsula. For those who have never had typhoid inoculations, two injections given at least two weeks apart are required. For those who have had the shots, a single booster is indicated.

Malaria is still very prevalent in many tropical areas of the world. No injection is available against this disease; however, antimalarial tablets, taken orally, will provide protection.

Immunizations for such truly exotic diseases as cholera, yellow fever, and plague should certainly not be administered routinely. Inoculations for any or all of these diseases are required for certain countries in which they are endemic. Anyone planning to visit the tropics should check with his physician. If the physician is not sure, he can always get up-to-date information from the U.S. Public Health Service or the World Health Organization. Dr. Cahill feels that many travelers (and even some physicians) worry unduly about the rarer variety of tropical disease and that any immunization program should be designed for the individual traveler to prevent "a great deal of suffering from unnecessary immunizations."

However, there is one disease, infectious hepatitis, about which travelers frequently don't worry enough. Infectious hepatitis, which is usually transmitted through a virus in food and water, occurs almost everywhere in the world (including New Jersey, where the cause probably is infected clams). However, it is 500 to 1,000 times more prevalent in developing countries. Dr. Cahill firmly recommends that anyone planning a trip to Africa, Asia, Central or South America, rural Mexico (including the Yucatan), the Philippines, and the Pacific Islands receive a prophylactic shot of gamma globulin. The vaccine is about 80 percent effective in preventing the disease. The traveler may, in addition, be able to protect himself by being reasonably careful of what he eats and drinks.

A second form of the disease, serum hepatitis, is transmitted into the bloodstream by injections with infected needles or blood transfusions from infected patients. The best protection against acquiring this version of the dangerous and miserable illness is to avoid all injections abroad, or, as Dr. Cahill advises, to carry disposable injection equipment. Anyone planning to take such equipment should get the necessary authorization and a letter from his physician.

Dr. Cahill and several other physicians have found that many travelers don't give their doctors enough time to give necessary immunizations and instructions. "Patients turn up in my office all the time to tell me that they are going to West Africa next Monday and need all the right shots," Dr. Cahill said. "Since some of the necessary immunizations require several shots to be given weeks apart, and since inoculations should not be administered in conjunction with others, I just can't provide the patient with the best possible protection unless he comes to me early enough. Anyone planning a trip to the tropics should let his physician know at least six weeks ahead of time to make sure that he receives the optimal medical preparation."

Any traveler who has been sick on his trip should report to his doctor after his return. Someone who has spent an extended time in the Orient or the tropics should have a complete checkup as soon as he or she returns, whether or not there has been any apparent illness. "Some tropical diseases can have a lengthy incubation period, and it's important for a person who returns from a lengthy tour abroad to have the proper tests," Dr. Cahill says.

He had one other warning for the adventurous traveler: "Know what you can reasonably expect from your trip." Some otherwise perfectly reasonable people somehow expect a vacation in a longed-for and exotic spot to change their whole life miraculously. Obviously, it won't. The vacation may add new zest to a basically sound marriage, but it won't cure a sick one. It may provide pleasant memories, but it won't cure persistent depression, loneliness, or boredom. "Most travelers return to the same life they left." As Dr. Cahill says to the last traveling patient leaving his office in the late afternoon: "Have a wonderful trip!" ▼

TRAVEL ANXIETY

(Continued from page 68)

Behave rationally: aim to be the last in line, not the first

being cheated of whatever is being doled out. Surely your anxiety (it is more than bad manners) as you rush to the door of the plane, having just been requested to remain in your seat, or as you press forward to have your passport stamped, your luggage weighed in mimics the past. What, you might ask yourself, is the hurry? If you behaved rationally you would, considering the standing around that follows the rush, delay as long as possible. You would aim to be the *last* in line rather than the first. As the crowd rushes forward, sit tight! Over a three-week trip one can collect this way twelve hours, an extra day, to spend reading, doing isometric exercises, bringing travel notes up to date.

The lonely crowd: The traveler was often alone, but not lonely. The tourist, surrounded on all sides by people, suffers chronically from loneliness. Perhaps there was no time to study, so even an exchange of greetings in the language of the host country is denied you. There are your compatriots at every turn, but you are as ashamed of them as adolescents are of their parents.

Fatal to those inexperienced in being alone is to arrive in a foreign city without a plan, however primitive: First I will unpack; then I'll select a restaurant from the guidebook; and, having studied the map, I'll set off on foot to find it. Dinner turns out to be a lonely affair, especially for a woman. As she watches the couples around her laughing and talking, she wonders how it happens that she is companionless. She feels—shame. Yes, shame. It's the old wallflower syndrome. Never mind that she's married. All she can remember is her adolescent terrors.

Those who cannot disabuse themselves of the notion that to be alone is to be unloved are likely to hide in their hotel rooms in the evening, a travel custom from our grandmothers' era, now as out-of-date as "motoring" and traveling by "steamer."

Others force themselves to tolerate the initial panic and learn to *use* it. Thrown on their own, they find they look more closely, listen more attentively, feel more acutely. Once home, it is faces studied during the meal taken alone that remain in memory; it is a solitary walk through the ruins that, when the rest of the trip begins to fade, remains vivid.

To predict, to plan, to analyze (oneself and one's needs), to cope: these adult talents make the going smoother. ▼

New life-force

in the Midwest uncompromising, straight, young Americans take on the world, firsthand

BY SEYMOUR KRIM

One of the reasons I always loved the old Midwest, as a writer, is that it had its hand on the lever of the language. Somehow the geographical center of the country became a symbol for the center of taste in literature as well. Such great home-grown writers as Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser, Ernest Hemingway, Scott Fitzgerald, Willa Cather all came from the center of the nation and I don't find that an accident. They were so powerful and conclusive to the American imagination, because they sprang from the most typical experience shared by their fellows. And, above all, the language they used was neither as precious and effete as that tricked out by their Eastern counterparts, as oratorical and swollen as the excesses of their Southern brothers, nor quite as freaky and capricious as what the sunstruck California crew brought into our literature.

The Midwest was the moral and esthetic center of American prose for many years. Everything I learned about American cadences, the lovely small talk of this country, its humor, the effectiveness of its reticence was all best demonstrated, it seems to me, by the great writers who came from Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Nebraska. But in the age of media which by and large blankets the States from each of the coasts, the center recently seemed to have shriveled culturally, or at least it did in my mind until I got there. But once having gone, lived in it for a year, taught, mingled, participated in the everyday life with both my colleagues and my students, I realized that if any great renaissance is going to come to the country, it can nowhere be better seen than in the middle.

It's something of a minor miracle to see these kids who come often from narrow-minded and harshly religious families be able to drill holes in one's own stale formulas with their insights into Marshall McLuhan, Andy Warhol, Paul Valéry, the relation of John Cage to rock music, Eastern philosophy, the whole spectrum of contemporary experience that I had conveniently categorized with brisk New York-London trendiness.

Part of this is because these young people approach ideas with a directness that can only have come from off the farm, so to speak. Their zest to find a truer way of life, to make the country live up to the real ideals of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence is impressive precisely because it is so straight. There is a ton less compromise in the geographical area in which I've been teaching than you'll see in more sophisticated terrain.

Anyone who comes to the Midwest today and tries to pull rank on these aggressively bright and knowing youngsters is in for a very rude awakening. They'll put you down five ways to Sunday. And teach you humility in the bargain. The authentic qualities that I always felt in the Midwest, through our literature, seem to have undergone a strange revival. For though I teach writing students, their literary bent is only part of the vitality and freshness that I feel is struggling for major expression throughout the entire flatlands.

Some reflect their new free life-style in highly original attempts to write, for example, concrete poetry, where the arrangement of the words on the page to make a picture-poem is as important as the so-called content; they make their own films, television shows, use all the new media with incredible freedom. In whatever direction they are galloping ahead, I find independence of spirit, a genuine avant-gardism, and a total disregard for provincial traditions which you'd think they would have inherited. And above all, and the laugh is on us, my friends, an airy indifference to New York, London, Paris, Moscow, all the urban power centers.

They're no longer culturally intimidated, these young blue-eyed blonds—and dark-eyed blacks!—who have been jet-propelled from one-horse town and dirt farm into the global village. Media is apparently so extensive today and pervades life so totally that they no longer have to look to any particular point on the compass. Their home is in their heads. The virtues of independence, self-respect, dignity, all the commonplace tags associated with the Midwest, stand them in very good stead now that they're launched on their own cultural moon trips. The fact that they have no obeisance towards the famous cultural capitals—and remember that for many years Chicago, their one flashing beacon, abjectly referred to itself as the second city—is to me a powerfully healthy sign of the decentralization of culture that I feel is sweeping across the mind of young America.

We're wrong and self-deluded, even the best-intentioned of us, if we think we can legislate culture. What I found in the Midwest, and I don't think it's a fluke that it's happened on this pioneer-wagon turf, is that young people today will accept no authority in cultural, stylistic, or political matters that they haven't learned and lived firsthand. So much old-fashioned cultural padding has been slashed to ribbons by them that you have to duck your head and quicken your reflexes just to get out of the way of the flying goose feathers. And when this kind of keen and laughing attack on irrelevant tradition comes out of the very Midwest that one thought of only yesterday as church picnics, girl's basketball, bowling championships, all the vacuously wholesome images of apple-pie country, it startles the hell out of you.

You might ask is what I see on my own Iowa campus, with the unfamiliar eyes of a New Yorker (in fact, a recent transatlantic man), genuinely true of the entire Midwest and can I generalize beyond a single college town? Let me answer that this way. What I've seen and experienced, the tonic injection that I've received from these wide-open young people who all seem to talk like country musicians, is only at this point the seed of what is to come. Certainly the Midwest still has its strongholds of prejudice, racism, insularity, blandness, foolish complacency. But here is a new beginning on old soil such as you could never imagine without going there.

There is hope for all of us, it seems to me, in the happy decentralization of culture that these kids are acting out. It's not the Eastern big-city hipsters and intellectual smoothies who will save us or pioneer the new ways, in my opinion. If America is tottering right now between chaos and rebirth, and I don't think these poles are too strong for the reality, then the important spiritual vitality should ideally come from the center, as it did in the past, and as I feel it once again has every chance of doing.

Culture is raw-boned, lanky, casual, laughing, as I feel it in my new Iowa home. It raises memories of an informal and candid American past and suggests healthy pictures of a rangy, ongoing, tremendously proud American future. Of course, the country is in grave trouble on a hundred fronts these days and I don't want to pull a jingoistic sheepskin over my eyes and say that all will be well. No one can predict the immediate future. But for now I do honestly feel that the gust of new life coming from what, to myself at any rate, was the most unexpected place on the map is an infectious reality that can't be denied. No matter how we fare as a nation in the next several years I feel certain that we're going to hear about these young people I see rising up all over the Midwest. We're going to hear their unaffected accents just as I heard the great accents of Sherwood Anderson and Hemingway over a quarter of a century ago, we're going to be humanized by their sweet tones of voice, we're going to have our heads cleared by the uninflated reality of their principles. Oh, you gorgeous bitch of an America, God hope you're an ongoing, infinitely renewable thing! If you are, as I fervently believe you are, the newest push is coming from just a little bit west of Chicago. ▼

WHAT WIGS ARE ABOUT

(Continued from page 99)

Suppose—

You've cut your hair—
your husband hates it. It will
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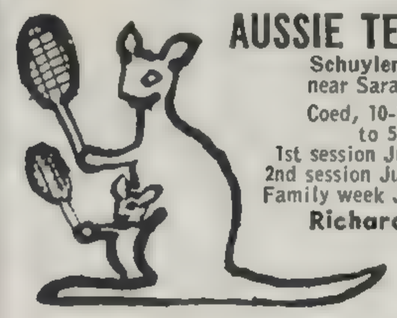
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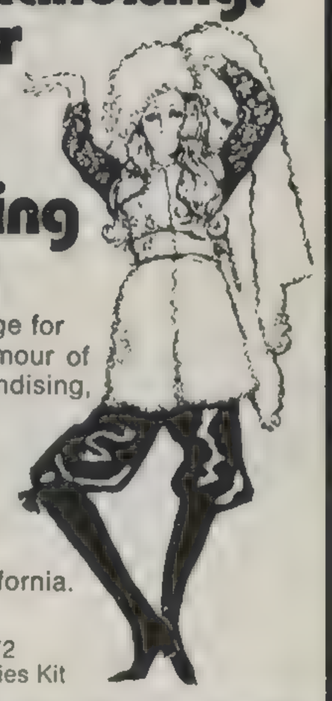
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art vs. fakes

De Chirico talks

BY JOHN GRUEN





Two authentic paintings by De Chirico: above left, "Afternoon of Autumn," 1916; above right, "Sadness of Springtime," 1970.

He sits, at the age of eighty-three, engrossed in the landscapes of his life. Giorgio de Chirico—painter of long, mysterious shadows that fall, like omens, across silent and deserted piazzas—sits in an American hotel room, choosing enigmatic words to describe the fugitive thoughts and feelings that stir within him.

He sits like a large, immobile, suspicious stranger in a strange land in a strange room, momentarily transported from known, familiar milieus into a cold and alien climate—one that causes certain undefinable anxieties. De Chirico reveals the frailties of age. A tentative, sometimes tremulous voice describes half-remembered dreams . . . or angrily ponders the phenomenon of his *oeuvre,* which he claims is constantly being copied, forged, and sold by others. He speaks of lawsuits, of criminal actions, of the greed on the part of others that prompts the seemingly endless production of "false" De Chiricos.

The painter is in New York for the opening of a major retrospective exhibition of his works, ranging from 1911 to 1971. (The New York Cultural Center gave its entire building to De Chirico's paintings, drawings, and sculptures.) We hold a curious conversation:

What are your thoughts and feelings at this moment in your life?

There are things that vanish from one's memory. People that one has known also vanish. Once, I had a little sister. She died many, many years ago. I no longer remember her at all. Isn't that strange? I neither remember her face nor the sound of her voice. And yet, it is fortunate that nature has given us the faculty of forgetfulness. Think how dreadful it would be if we *remembered* everything!

You ask what I think about. I think of what everyone thinks about—the most banal things. That it is day, that it is night. That it is time to work, that it is time to rest. And life? Well, life is a summation of all of one's experiences. Life is also made up of what one sees—objects, people, animals, plants, flowers, trees . . . all these things imbued with a tremendous mystery and getting more and more mysterious as one grows older.

I find it very mysterious, for example, that you and I are sitting in this room together. Don't you find it odd? Two perfect strangers talking together? You wish to have some knowledge of me. Perhaps there is nothing to know. Perhaps what you are asking is an impossibility. Perhaps true knowledge does not exist.

Can you describe the meaning of your work?

For years people have said that my work is filled with mysterious meaning. I can assure you it is not. Life may be mysterious, but my work is totally devoid of mystery. It is realism at its highest and clearest. Above all, my work is not Surrealistic. I am not a Surrealist—never have been. I do not like Surrealism. Nobody likes Surrealism.

People have called me the father of Surrealism. What utter nonsense! I am neither the father, the son, nor the uncle of Surrealism. I paint what I see, and I paint what I remember of my childhood. Those shadows that you spoke of and that appear in my paintings—those were real shadows I observed in certain small Italian towns. They were autumnal shadows that came when the sun began to set. They are not a mystery. They were merely something that interested me. At times, I paint visions that appear to me in dreams.

Do you dream a great deal?

Yes, almost every night. Often, my dreams are in color. Often, my dreams are very confusing. But these dreams, which are really visions, come to me at moments between wakefulness and sleep. I see faces I've never seen before.

Dreams have the unbearable quality of being imprecise. It unsettles me not to know the faces that appear to me. And yet, I remember them vividly upon waking, and I often paint them. So there are strangers inhabiting my work. I do not know who they are. Psychoanalysts have tried to explain dreams, but they know nothing of dreams.

What are your fears?

I fear death. It's what frightens me most. Death is like an animal that is always at your side. It never leaves you. It lives with you and follows you everywhere. It will not go away. Death frightens everyone, I think. Death is like life: inexplicable. What is so strange is that man goes through life believing he will never die. Man thinks of death, talks of death, is often in the presence of death. But he quickly forgets this. This animal, however, lurks close by. It ultimately devours us all.

You claim that your work is being falsely reproduced, signed, and sold under your name. What proof have you that this is the case?

There is no question but that for years dozens of people have been painting works attributed to me. People come to me for authentication, and I instantly recognize a fake De Chirico when I see one.

All over Europe, forgers paint pictures and sign my name to them. It is a scandal, and I am in the midst of many litigations, because the moment I see a fake, I sue. I have no other recourse. But now, I am in the process of putting together a catalogue of every work that is authentically mine. At the same time, I am publishing a catalogue of photographs of fake De Chiricos. That should settle the matter once and for all. This terrible business has been the bane of my life, and I wish to be rid of it.

You have been married for forty years to your second wife. Have you any thoughts on marriage? On women? On sex?

Marriage is a complicated and delicate matter. My first wife was a ballerina. She is still alive, but I have no reason to see her. My second wife, Isa, is a strong and intelligent woman, an exceptionally brilliant writer. She manages my life—and I am grateful. I have no children—at least, not that I know of. I do not regret this. There are older men than I who also have no children. But that is all very unimportant.

You ask about women. People have made a case for women being mysterious, different, strange. It is a foolish notion. They are no more mysterious than men. The fact is women are just like men. They may be physically weaker, and they may have different physical characteristics. They do not have beards.

Essentially, women are the equal of men; sometimes they are their superiors, and the sooner the world realizes this, the better. But I see that you wish me to speak of women in terms of love and in terms of sex. Well, I must confess that I would find that most indiscreet. I mean, love is love, and sex is sex; and sometimes the two go hand in hand, and sometimes not.

Sex is a means of obtaining pleasure, and a means of propagating this questionable race of ours. Look, there are men and women who prefer to share a

bed; and there are those who prefer not to share a bed, in which case they sleep alone. But I have no profound statements to make on the subject of women or on the subject of sex. Actually, I have never found sex to be a major or significant aspect of my life. Psychoanalysts insist on making sex the basis of everything. That is why I detest the idea of psychoanalysis. It is nothing more than a form of gossip and indiscretion—to be shunned.

Do you consider yourself to be in the stream of current-day art?

They say that art must move forward. But it doesn't necessarily mean that it does. I often feel that it moves backwards. What proof do we have that art moves forward? Frankly, I do not like contemporary art, and I do not know to what stream my art belongs. I paint—and that is all. Let others decide whether my art advances, retrogresses, stands still.

What artists do you admire?

I admire Picasso, whom I knew many years ago in Paris. He always had something to say as an artist. I liked him—that short man with his vivacious look. His eyes were very black . . . so black. I recall that he liked to laugh a great deal, often for no reason at all. You would say, "It's raining today," and he would just laugh and laugh. He is an excellent artist.

Picasso has always had style. I did not like his early work—those clowns and sad-eyed women. But I greatly admired all that came after—his post-Blue Period. I also admire the work of André Derain, Picabia, Léger, and Max Ernst. There are a few good Italian painters today, but I would not like to mention their names. All the others would then no longer speak to me.

How do you pass your days? Do you hold to a schedule? Have you many friends?

I live in a big house near the center of Rome. My habit is to rise early, have coffee, and afterwards to read the newspaper so that I may acquaint myself with what is happening in the world. In the early afternoon I go into my studio and begin to work. I work with great concentration for several hours. These days, I tire easily, and I am often hungry. I eat two large meals a day. Actually, there is nothing very special in the way I live.

I take care of myself. Sometimes I take a cure. I like to take walks. I visit a few friends. At times, they visit me. I enjoy sitting and watching television. It amuses me. I seldom visit the cinema. I do not like the darkness of the cinema. I detest being surrounded by darkness. Above all, I detest having my feet stepped on by people coming into the cinema.

You ask about friendship. Friendship is a very elastic word. It is complicated being a friend, because friendship is a profound concept. Today, life is too agitated for real friendship to flourish. Real and true friendship—in the classical sense—takes time and effort. People today have little time for friendship; it is extremely hard to sustain, as is any close relationship. But that is life. Finally, we all end our days alone.

It is said that you are very fond of Italian opera.

Yes, I adore the opera. Above all, the operas of Giuseppe Verdi. I do not like his *Otello* and *Aïda*. The texture and fabric of this music grates on my ears. It is a bit common. Verdi's greatest operas are *Un Ballo in Maschera* and *Il Trovatore*. But . . . let me think. Ah, yes. There is Bellini. Bellini is really the greatest composer. His operas employ the *bel-canto* technique, which is very difficult and very beautiful.

What is your advice to young painters?

Tell them that art schools don't teach you anything. I suppose, however, that some classical training has its advantages. A painter must know how to draw. Let young painters go to museums, and let them copy the great masters. That is invaluable. But, basically, anyone who wishes to be a painter must learn to work alone. Solitude and silence are vital. That is how ideas evolve—in silence and in solitude. Things open up in oneself.

Of course it is a mystery how ideas come to anyone. It is certainly a mystery how ideas come to me. There are my dreams, of course . . . but it's also a question of imagination—and of belief. Of course there are people who believe in the strangest things—such as the existence of paradise, such as the existence of a soul. It is strange what some people will believe in. ▼

ACCESSORY INFORMATION

THE ONE-BAG TRAVELER

Pages 54, 55: La Tienda hat. Ship'n Shore shirt, at Abraham & Straus. Belt by Chantal de Vassieux. Rolex watch. Palizzio shoes.

Page 56: Charles Jourdan shoes.

Page 57: Halston Limited hat. Handbag by Coach Leatherware. Mathey-Tissot watch. Passport case by Princess Gardner. Beautiful Bryans tights.

Page 58 (center): Mr. John hat. Shirt and shrink by Gregory, at Lord & Taylor. Pendant by Michael Moraux for Dubaux.

Page 58 (lower left): Hat by Lanvin for St. Germain. Mark Cross envelope bag. Golo shoes.

Page 59 (left): Hat at Halston Limited. Ruza Creations bag. Alexis Kirk belt. Riviera sunglasses. Lady Buxton clutch. Beauty Mist tights. Shoes by Herbert Levine, at Bonwit Teller.

Page 59 (right): Hat by Irving Paul for Capadors. Shoulderbag by Wings, at Bloomingdale's. Bulova watch. Umbrella at Uncle Sam's Umbrella Shop.

BEACH-CLIMATE DRESSING

Page 61: William de Lillo earrings. Watch by Puig Doria for Barcelona Designs. Odyssey bangle. Ring by Valerie Sabié Boutique.

Page 62: Hat by Aduké Afrique at Ashanti Bazaar. Bracelet from Tribal Arts Gallery.

Page 64: K.J.L. earrings at Bonwit Teller. Ruza Creations bag. Benedikt bracelets, at Altman's.

Page 65: Emily Wetherby headwrap, at Bergdorf Goodman. Earrings by Eisenberg Ice.

Page 66: K.J.L. rings. Anklet by Aduké Afrique. Ankle beads by Jean Charles Brosseau for Don Marshall.

Page 67: Mr. John hat. Kai-Yin beads, at Henri Bendel. Celia Sebiri bracelet, at Henri Bendel. Odyssey rings. Herbert Levine shoes, at Bonwit Teller.

Page 68: Gosta sunglasses. K.J.L. bracelets.

Page 69: Coro earrings.

THE MANY MOODS OF MARISA

Pages 88, 89: Cadoro bracelets. Beautiful Bryans tights. Shoes by Shoe Biz at Henri Bendel.

Page 90: Odyssey bracelets. Hanes tights. Zapata shoes.

Page 94: Shoes by Shoe Biz, at Henri Bendel.

WHY WIGS

Page 97: Charles Elkaim earrings. The plain cuff by Yves Saint Laurent and the Alexis Kirk bull's-eye cuff, at Bloomingdale's.

Page 98: Aduké Afrique bracelets, at Ashanti Bazaar. Necklaces, at Tribal Arts Gallery.

FOCUS ON SUMMER

Pages 100, 101: Scarf by Echo, at Lord & Taylor. Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique glasses. Watch by John Weitz for Destino.

Page 102: La Tienda hat. Napier earrings. Monet chains around waist.

Page 103: Paris Collections glasses. Pink cord belt by R. F. Clark for William de Lillo.

Page 104: Hat by Irving Paul for Capadors, at Altman's. Fashion Time watch. Yves Saint Laurent belt, at Bloomingdale's (belt that comes with outfit, not shown).

Page 105 (above): Paris Collections glasses. Necklaces used as belts around waist—upper, by Bergère; lower, by H. Fabrikant, at Macy's.

Page 105 (below): Belt by Abbe Creations (belt that comes with turnout, not shown).

Page 106 (left): Hat by Irving Paul for Capadors. Monet choker. Sheffield watch.

Page 107 (upper left): Halston Limited hat. Laguna bracelet.

Page 107 (right): Hat by Halper Brothers. Elegant belt. La Tienda basket.

Page 108: Earrings by Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique, at Bergdorf Goodman.

Page 109 (right): K.J.L. bracelets.

Page 110 (lower left): Ciner ring.

Page 110 (upper right): Jules Van Rouge earrings. Sheffield watch, at Bonwit Teller. Ciner ring.

Page 111 (center): Coro earrings. Michael Moraux for Dubaux ring. Cadoro bracelets. Ben King bag.

Page 111 (upper right): Beads at Henri Bendel. Adonis belt. Walter Katten bag. Belle-Sharmeer tights.

THE BEAUTY TRIP

Page 113: Trifari earrings. K.J.L. bracelet. Donald Stannard rings.

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(Continued from page 60)

First step up the social ladder: leave home

and he remains a garage mechanic from Wading River, New York. In other words, the first law for the climber is: Get Out Of Town.

Where to go: the fields for the social climber are not infinite, but they are various and sometimes surprising. They depend on your inclinations, your knowledge, or whom you want to meet, and on your pocketbook.

Take, for instance, archeological digs. There is a lot of "old" money invested in digs these days, but more is always needed. Half of Asia Minor is under examination at the moment; you can scarcely put down a spade without uncovering some suburb of Troy, and you will find that a good number of "right" people are waiting—in air-conditioned tents or in yachts bobbing just offshore—for the hired experts to uncover a Praxiteles Venus at least.

The same is true of music. Serious music. A number of great ladies—and often their husbands—are lovers and promoters of good music. But this, too, requires study and indeed appreciation of music and the ability to be seen and felt as a presence at the festivals at Glyndebourne, at Spoleto, at Vienna and Florence and Bayreuth. If you can arrange to have a party for Joan Sutherland or Beverly Sills—although God help us, not both at the same party—you will be on your way in.

As for the world of artists, writers, and composers: really not worth bothering about. Creators can be fun to be with; but their tastes are too idiosyncratic: they revere talent rather than chic. And in a clutch, when you really need them, they will give you that spurious excuse that they are "working." No. A thoroughly unreliable lot.

Better buy yourself some racehorses. Like rubies, they are always impressive. But be modest about them; never announce you own a stable; let the news slip out sideways. Suppose you are staying at some smart little enclave in Spain: leave for a few days and come back to America with the excuse that your trainer wants you to look at some yearlings he thinks you should buy.

A big thing now is to own a vineyard in France, or a piece of a vineyard. Of course it is best to have a château to go with it and to live like a Rothschild among your own bottles and vines, but even just a piece will get you endless contacts.

We have been speaking of rather special areas in which to plant your ladder, areas that require talent and knowledge, not to speak of money. (A couple of months ago, at the Widener sale, a brood mare went for $450,000, for instance.)

But how does the ordinary, common, or garden variety of social climber operate? I mean the little citizen who, perhaps, on an all-expense-paid cruise of the Mediterranean first catches a glimpse of the Livanos yacht standing off Rhodes or of the Troubetzkoy villa shining in the sun at Èze in France, and says, "Wow, I want that."

Well, to be blunt, there has to be some money around somewhere; you can't get far on a telephone operator's salary (unless, of course, you are so outrageously beautiful a woman or so outstandingly handsome a man that nobody can resist you, but that's a whole other kettle of fish and not to the purpose).

To begin: Your first contact with a foreign capital or resort will be a hotel. You must arrange to be very welcome there; it is fatal to risk a snub. Suppose you are going to Zurich, ostensibly to pick up some pictures. (Switzerland is very "in" now, by the way.) You send ahead to the hotel money, too much money, to establish credit. When you arrive, you will be expected, recognized, maybe even talked about. You're over the first hurdle, you have a safe base—in case you make a conquest at one of the galleries. Incidentally, if you are trying to make it through buying pictures, Düsseldorf is suddenly a new and important center.

It's hardly necessary to say you must choose your hotels with care—Claridge's and the Connaught in London, the Plaza-Athénée and the Lancaster in Paris, the wonderful old Ritz in Madrid, the Gritti Palace in Venice, the Eden in Rome.

The resorts are far more subject to fashion than cities. What's in, what's out, where is it safe to be seen? It's hard to say. If there is a continent that is in, it is Africa. There is no better place to meet "people" than those steamers on the Nile; anyone with any pretensions at all is planning a second photographic safari in Kenya. And have you heard yet about Botswana? The beaches in Tunis are hot; it is worth your life to get reservations at the new places south of Marrakesh in Morocco. What you must do is listen, listen. By the time it takes a magazine to be printed, a New Place has sprung up.

A word about dressing the part. Great ladies occasionally come up with great lines. You remember: "You can't be too rich or too thin." Another one I like is: "Dungarees and bare feet will never get you into the River Club."

Hold that thought.

There is in Italy an excessively smart spa called Abano Terme. The hotel at which you stay is the Royal Orologio, whose host is the distinguished Aristide de Giorgis. He personally greets each of his guests.

He recently was asked, "But how do you distinguish the sheep from the goats?"

Easily he replied, "By their shoes, of course. The instant they put their feet out of their cars, I can tell."

Always remember.

The rich have mentalities just a little bit under that of a good hotelier, if, of course, they are lucky. They get the idea.

So send your husband to Lobb's for a couple of dozen pairs of the best. You go to Vivier's or Jourdan's or wherever. Ponder the fact that in Paris there exists a still-rich maharani who four times a year orders ten thousand dollars' worth of shoes from Ferragamo. She, if I can get my tongue out of my cheek for just a moment, is *in*.

Labels count. Your tweeds can be old, but they must be good. Don't buy sables at Klein's.

Do yourself a service. Make a little needlepoint pillow that you carry with you always. Onto it work this old Spanish proverb: "Only God helps the badly dressed."

It will remind you that, in your situation, God is of little use. ▼



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Clinical study works for problem dieters

We put people, who were at least 20% overweight, on Slender for three weeks. That's four Slender meals a day, totaling 900 calories. At the end of the first week, dieters had lost an average of more than 4 pounds. During the next two weeks, losses averaged 3½ pounds a week. Many of the dieters on the program told us they were not unduly hungry and found Slender "surprisingly filling."

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How to slim down sensibly with Slender

If you want fast results to get your incentive up, go strictly Slender for a week. Then go back to other foods in diet proportions, but have your Slender for at least one meal. Whether you go strictly Slender again for another week later on depends on how much you want to lose. But you should ask your doctor before starting any program aimed at weight loss.

One thing's certain, you'll find Slender wears well in your diet. It's so rich and satisfying. Slender from Carnation. Dieting without nonsense.

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Great new discovery in mascara builds rich, full body onto your lashes the way protein formulas build your hair.

Great-Lash mascara is the greatest way to make skimpy lashes look thick, thicker, thickest.

Special creamy smooth formula builds lush new body onto lashes. Microscopic photos prove Great-Lash greatly increases the diameter of every lash. On the left, an eyelash without Great-Lash; thin and skimpy. On the right, an eyelash after Great-Lash; thicker, lusher, more beautiful.



Actual unretouched microscopic photo 40 times actual size.

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Special Great-Lash method is so easy! No waiting to dry. Keep brushing on formula until lashes are as thick as you like.



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The finest in eye make-up, yet sensibly priced.